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CONTENTS

Law, Morals and Religion	291
By Thomas Corbishley, s.j.	
Moral Implications of Psychology	302
By Monica Lawlor	
Carl Jung, Psychology and Catholicism	313
Part II	
By John McLeish	
Cardinal Newman's Letters	318
By Christopher Hollis	
Science and Education	329
By James H. Calderwood	
The Devil's Hunting Ground	339
Some Reflexions on Morality	
By Neil Middleton	
The Paris of Victor Hugo's Youth	352
By Elizabeth Belloc	
'Myth Criticism' as a Humane Discipline	363
By Paul West	
Norman Sense and Sensibility	374
Abbot Gilbert Crispin at Westminster	
By S. G. A. Luff	

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LAW, MORALS AND RELIGION

By THOMAS CORBISHLEY, S.J.

THE subject of this essay, vast in range as it is complex in ramification, is not such that one can hope to treat it with anything like completeness. Moreover, whilst I believe that the solution to this highly complex problem is essentially a simple one, this does not mean that it does not involve an immense subtlety of presentation. The subject is 'topical', not alone in the sense that it has an abiding relevance to the human situation, but because, in recent years, men have sought to build a legal system divorced from morality, just as a previous generation held that morality had no essential relation to religious belief. The Kantian *Kritik*, which tried to restore the situation created by a denial of the absolute nature of Pure Reason by replacing it with a Practical Reason which seems largely irrational, was partly to blame for the earlier scepticism. Whatever the theoretical possibility of constructing a moral system without a religious basis may be, we can hardly doubt that it is no coincidence that the contemporary decline in moral standards has ensued on a widespread rejection of traditional religion. The more recent attempts to base a legal system on purely positivistic grounds, without reference to underlying moral values, is bound to impair the strength and dignity of the whole edifice of law.

Without wishing at this stage to discuss, for example, the necessity or expediency of altering the law concerning homosexual practices, it seems important to insist that this should be done only because of incidental disadvantages resulting from the existing legislation—the danger of blackmail is one obvious reason. If the distinction between 'crime' and 'sin' is made so absolute that men come to think that there is no essential relation between the two, then, it would seem, we shall be inflicting damage both on man's moral sense and on the very foundations on which the law itself

rests. The moral sense will suffer because, human nature being the frail and fallible thing that it is, we all need the corrective support of some power outside ourselves to enable us to keep our feet on what is a dangerous and slippery slope. The exceptional individual, the saint or the Stoic sage, may be able to do all that he should in virtue of some inner strength, without any consideration of public opinion or legal sanction. But *how* exceptional such men are.

Equally, it would seem, the law itself will increasingly fail in its effectiveness, if it is thought of as a purely man-made affair of governmental expedients. Citizens may be persuaded for a time to obey the law of the land by the argument that civilized life cannot go on without some accepted code of public behaviour, but the Augustinian maxim *Lex iniusta non est lex* finds an echo in every thinking man's heart. Legal formularies derive their significance and their strength from the recognition of a deeper foundation than the need to preserve some merely external conformity to a set of rules which clever men have arbitrarily devised.

It is surely not without significance for our present investigation that the whole corpus of law which, with whatever differences of emphasis or immediate political origin, is broadly accepted by the Anglo-Saxon and Latin nations, to say nothing of those regions of the earth which have been under their control, derives from such diverse origins. This is no place for a study in comparative jurisprudence, and what I have to say must be superficial and jejune. But we may remind ourselves of the development of Graeco-Roman law, that process of cross-fertilization by which the Romans, borrowing from the Athenians, produced by their native genius that impressive system which was one of their proudest achievements; we recall the profound intuitions of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and the Stoics, these latter influencing the thought of Cicero, the former helping to mould the mind of Augustine. Parallel to this development, yet in origins so remote, we think of the complex system on which Judaism was nourished, that triple Law, ritual, judicial and moral which survives to this day in its own right, and yet has given to the Gentile world an element which has added a new dimension to its thinking. The Justinian Code, given to a Christian world by a Christian Emperor, owes not less to Moses and the scribes than it does to Greek philosophy and Roman jurists. Preserved in the Catholic Church, reinterpreted by the mediaeval Schoolmen, adapted to a different civilization by the Church's canon lawyers, all this has entered into

the very life of contemporary Europe, so that it still influences the thinking of lawyers, many of whom no longer accept the very foundations on which so much of it was built.

For many of these, the Law is a discipline in its own right, necessary for civilized living but intelligible by itself, without reference to the ideas which influenced those who fashioned it. Certainly, it would seem, one does not need to be a believer in order to be a successful practising lawyer. Certainly it is possible to discuss the nature and function of law to a considerable distance without invoking metaphysical or transcendental considerations of any kind.

We can agree that the obvious purpose of any system of law is to promote the general good. Any society or group soon finds by experience that it cannot get on without some agreed conventions, and the larger the society the more elaborate do these conventions become. By a process of trial and error—in other words, by purely empirical methods—man finds out for himself which rules work best. The object of the society is more easily achieved, harmony is better preserved by this set of rules rather than that. In the larger political society which we call the State, which has been fashioned by man to make life easier for everybody, by pooling resources, by employing the citizens about tasks for which they are best suited, by banding together for defence against common enemies, the structure becomes highly complex and the rules or laws correspondingly intricate. But the test of a law's value remains the same; does it help to promote the purposes of the State? Does it serve the common good?

Yes, but what is the common good? Is it simply the production of larger and larger public buildings, bigger and more powerful armies and so on? Are these an end in themselves, or are they produced for the benefit of the citizens? Is there any sense in talking about a common good, except in terms of the good of the individual?

When we really examine the question, we see that it is illogical, because contrary to the very purpose for which men initially come together, to subordinate the good of the individual to that of the community. True as it is that, in detail, the immediate advantage of the individual may have to be sacrificed to the general good, even to the extent that the individual may be required to lay down his life for others, this clearly cannot be the normal requirement. For the more the individual good was sacrificed the

more would the totality suffer; the more citizens laid down their lives, the weaker, in the end, would the State itself become.

Therefore it follows that the true purpose of the State must be to promote the good of the individual. What this is can be appreciated only by an understanding of individual human nature, the nature of man. Disregarding the extreme materialist view which would make man no more than a rather unfortunate animal, who, as Chesterton said, 'cannot sleep in his own skin and cannot trust his own instincts', who 'is a kind of cripple, wrapped in artificial bandages called clothes and propped on artificial crutches called furniture'—disregarding this outmoded view, we are compelled to see him as a being who has, in fact, an attitude towards law which goes beyond the purely pragmatic and utilitarian. Whilst he accepts the necessity for law as a matter of practical politics, he knows, too, that the notion of obligation to obey the law is more than a matter of 'doing the decent thing'.

For just as he knows himself to be a creature whose needs go beyond the purely material, so he knows that, however tiresome he may find this or that law, to the extent that he does sometimes break it, he would be doing something dishonourable if he broke a law which he recognized as being reasonable. He is aware, in fact, of a *moral* obligation. This, it seems to me, is the great objection to any positivist theory of legislation. There have, as we all know, been attempts to derive the notion of moral obligation from something else, to describe its growth by a process of evolution from a state of mind which was purely non-moral, as though from the fact that men discovered that chaos resulted when people ignored the law it was possible to develop a sense of duty towards this purely human invention. As well suggest that an Englishman has a moral obligation to carry an umbrella on a wet day. Rather the truth seems to be that, whilst it is the reasonableness of a law which wins man's consent, it is this same reasonableness which lies at the root of man's sense of obligation to obey that which he has accepted.

Which brings us to the problem of the nature of moral obligation. Ever since the days of Plato's *Republic* men have argued about the meaning of justice—whether it is, as Thrasymachus declared, simply the will of the stronger; whether it is a man-made convention; whether it has any absolute significance; whether indeed there is really any such thing. The interesting thing, for our immediate purpose, is that, all along, it has been the subject of debate,

that men have not felt satisfied with saying: Well, there it is; you must just take it, or, if you like, leave it. Their very desire to argue about it, to analyse its meaning, to *prove* it is this or that should be enough to show that it is, at any rate, not unconnected with rationality.

The attempt of the Evolutionists to maintain that the consciousness of moral obligation grew out of a situation in which there was no such consciousness will not do. It is simply a form of verbal sleight-of-hand, like the patter of the conjurer who distracts your attention by talking whilst he is manipulating his apparatus to produce rabbits out of an apparently empty hat. We know perfectly well that, even if the rabbits were not actually in the hat all the time, they were *somewhere*; they did not just materialize out of thin air. We may not know how to do the trick; but we know enough about the nature of things to realize that the explanation involves the pre-existence of the rabbits before they actually appear. So it is with the theory that men did not originally have a sense of moral obligation, but after realizing how nasty, brutish and short life was without it, they decided to invent it. Apart from the fact that it was presumably the tougher ones who did survive, whereas, one presumes, obligation, on the theory, was invented to protect the weaker ones, no one explains how you set about inventing a mental state of which you have no sort of notion to begin with. It is all very well to beg the question by implying, as the thorough-going evolutionists do imply, that you have only to wait long enough and anything can happen. This is not an argument; it is simply a gratuitous assertion made contrary to such evidence as we do possess.

Nor again do the Utilitarians really explain why we *ought* to aim at pleasure (in however wide a sense) or to shun pain. Surely it is truer to say that I instinctively shrink from pain and seek pleasure; but I am completely unaware of any obligation to do this in my own case, nor is it easy to see how the aiming at the greatest good of the greatest number—at least in Bentham's view of good—can grow out of my own personal attitude to these states. I am not denying, let me say, that we have such a duty. I am merely suggesting that the Benthamite analysis is not very helpful.

On the other hand, I must confess that I find myself in greater sympathy with the Utilitarians than with Professor H. A. Prichard. Whilst I shall always admit to having benefited enormously from listening to Prichard dissecting any philosophical statement,

whether in morals or in epistemology, I never felt satisfied that he had anything better to put in place of the view he had so effectively demolished. He did a wonderfully sterilizing job in the field of moral philosophy, but I am convinced that his basic position, which owed so much to Kant, was somehow misconceived. With an almost fanatical fervour he sought to isolate the notion of what was 'right' or obligatory from what was 'good'—in the sense of benefiting the agent in any way at all. Where he was right, I suggest, was in his assertion that to act from any motive of self-interest, however enlightened, is to destroy the peculiar quality of a moral act. Where he was wrong was in his view that not only must moral action never be thought of as benefiting the individual but that there is absolutely no reason to suppose that it will, still less that it must.

Now it is here, as it seems to me, that the traditional doctrine of a Natural Law comes to our help. It is of the nature of things that man, if he is to prosper physically, to be healthy, to be comfortable, must take cognizance of certain truths about his environment, which the scientist would describe as laws of nature. Things are what they are and behave as they behave. Fire burns; and can be turned to good use by warming man, by cooking his food, by producing steam to drive his engines; it can also produce disastrous effects if allowed to get out of control. It is a curious and possibly significant fact that when natural forces do not act as we are accustomed to see them act, when the light does not come on as I press the switch, I may well say: 'It ought to come on; there's something wrong.' Now, clearly we are not using these terms in any moral sense. We are not accusing the electric plant of misbehaving morally. It is just not being normal. It is not, we might say, being itself, in the sense that it is not doing what we expect of it. We say, therefore, that there is something wrong with the plant. When it works, we say it is all right.

When we apply these same terms, right and wrong, to man's conduct, we are using them in a very different sense. We are passing moral judgements. And it seems to me that there is a sort of analogy between the meaning of the terms as I apply them to non-human beings and their meaning as applied to human beings. When a *man*, as we say, misbehaves, we mean that he is not behaving in a way that is characteristic of man as such. Whilst it is regrettably true that all men misbehave to some degree not infrequently, whereas, on the whole, electric light switches do func-

tion normally, we still maintain a distinction between what is right, i.e. characteristic of man as such, and what is wrong, i.e. contrary to his true nature.

I am not referring here, of course, to conduct contrary to the laws of nature as they affect all corporeal reality. If I saw a man sail out of a window and soar gracefully into the sky, I should be surprised in the way in which I should be surprised to see a flying pig. But were I to see a man drinking himself into a state of insensibility, I might apply the term pig in a way which would imply that that is the sort of thing that may be all right for pigs, but is definitely not human.

And since what is *specifically* human is the rational element in his nature, it would seem that it is here that we must look for the basis of morality. In an important and well-known passage of Cicero's *De Republica*, based as we know on Stoic teaching, we are told:

True law is right reason in agreement with nature; it is universal in application, unchanging and eternal. . . . There will not be different laws at Athens and Rome, or different laws now and in the future, but one eternal and unchangeable law will be valid for all nations and all ages. . . .

We readily accept the notion that there are certain laws of thought, logical rules, principles such as the principle of contradiction, which make it possible for men everywhere to participate in discussion. These laws control our thinking, in the sense that they enable us to reason straight, to arrive at correct conclusions, to get the right answer. We can, as we know, manipulate these laws to deceive others, by concocting false syllogisms or resorting to other fallacies. In so far as we do this deliberately, we are abusing reason. We can also fail to obey these same laws of thought, but without deliberate fault. In either case we shall be getting the *wrong* answer.

The idea of the Natural Law suggests that, like the laws of Nature, like the laws of thought, there is a system of rational order which controls man's development, not in the sense that he is compelled to obey, but in the sense that it is through obedience to it that he will thrive and prosper, not now in the physical and material sense, not now in the strictly ratiocinative sense, but in what we have to call the moral sense. It is through reason, through an intelligent understanding of the natural forces about him that man

develops his physical nature; it is through reason, through the right application of the laws of thought that he develops his understanding and his hold on truth; it is through reason, through the appreciation and conscious acceptance of this whole world of moral imperatives, that he develops his moral nature.

If all men were truly wise, they would know how to manipulate nature in such a way as to benefit from it at all times, to adapt themselves to its laws, to make full use of its resources. If all men were truly wise, their purely ratiocinative activities would be infallible; if all men were truly wise, they would always do what was morally right, because they would see the folly of acting in any other way. And further if all men were truly wise, there would be no need of human law, since the purpose of human law—the achievement of the common good through the realization of individual good—would be achieved without it.

But, since this is far from being the case, human law is needed to replace, in a sense, the natural law, to stand in for it, as it were, just as the guardian stands *in loco parentis*. The authority and functions of the guardian derive from the absent parent, and should not go beyond or fall short of the parent's wishes. So it is with the laws which man makes. Their purpose is to produce as far as possible the situation which would prevail were all men entirely reasonable and just. To quote St Thomas Aquinas, 'Every law enacted by man enjoys the character of law to the extent that it is derived from the natural law.' (I-II 95.2.)

But it would be wrong to picture the natural law as a comprehensive mass of detailed legislation, in the way in which a code of human laws is constituted of a multiplicity of enactments. It is, rather, like the mentality of the man of breeding and good taste, who does not need a list of instructions, a book of etiquette, describing how he ought to behave in any given situation; the book of etiquette is a substitute for the real thing. Some people object to the notion of a natural law, universal and immutable, on the grounds that, if there were such a thing, the human reflexion of it would not vary so much from place to place or from age to age. But the fact is, of course, that, whilst the natural law demands that justice be always done, what is, in practice, just will vary from place to place according to circumstances of every kind. Those who dislike the notion of natural law because it seems to suggest that there is one hard and fast rule to meet every situation should ponder the words of Lord Penzance: 'Law is, or ought to be, the

handmaid of justice; and inflexibility, which is the most becoming robe of the latter, often serves to render the former grotesque.'

The principles of the natural law are permanent and comprehensive; but just because they are comprehensive, they have an elasticity when they come to be applied. The positive rules are variable and subject to change by human authority; but as long as they remain in force they are rigid in application. Because the principles of natural law are broad and elastic in their application, many a superficial jurist is led to deny their intrinsic immutability.

—Wu: *Fountain of Justice* 10.

Perhaps a word about 'reason' in this general context may serve to remove misunderstanding. As I understand it, the reason which enables man to appreciate the natural law is not the cold mathematical ratiocinative faculty, but rather what we call 'nous'—which, I take it, is more comprehensive than the Greek nous. It is the practical reason or *synderesis* of Aristotle, a combination of intellect, general intelligence, experience and *savoir faire*. Any idea that the application of the natural law in the concrete is achieved by a process of logical deduction from certain major principles stated in propositional form should be rejected.

In the hope that enough has been said to bring out the nature of the link between human law, which protects and promotes those human values which are essential to live in society, and the natural law which is the very basis of all right conduct in any sphere, I may now pass on to consider the third element in my scheme—religion. Forgetting for our present purposes so much that is called religion—the daily ritual, the practices of prayer and worship, the forms in which the spirit of religion is incorporated—all we need to think of is the Being who is the inspirer of religion, the object of our prayer and worship. And of that Being we need to isolate one attribute, that of wisdom. There is a famous passage towards the end of Aristotle's *Ethics*, in which that on the whole not particularly religious thinker, showing perhaps a rather cerebral approach to God, yet brings out the point I wish to make:

The activity of the intellect, manifesting itself in pure speculation, is in itself pre-eminently earnest and good. Moreover a life thus passed will be more than human; for it will not be in so far as he is human that a man will lead it, but in so far as he has in him a divine element. . . . Since the reason is a divine thing if contrasted with human nature as a whole, the life of reason will also

be divine, as contrasted with ordinary human life. . . . As far as in us lies we ought to enter upon our immortal heritage, by striving ever to lead a life conformable to that in us which is highest and best. . . . Most delightful, then, and of all things best for man is the life of reason, since reason it is that constitutes the essence of human nature.

After which I should like to quote from the Book of Wisdom:

Mind-enlightening is the influence that dwells in her, set high apart; one in its source yet manifold in its operation; subtle yet easily understood . . . pure effluence of his glory who is God all-powerful, she feels no passing taint; she, the glow that radiates from eternal light, she the untarnished mirror of God's majesty, she the faithful echo of his goodness. . . . Bold is her sweep from world's end to world's end, and everywhere her gracious ordering manifests itself. . . . God of our fathers, Lord of all mercy, thou by thy word hast made all things, and thou in thy wisdom hast contrived man to rule thy creation. . . .

Again, from sources so diverse, we find the same essential truth. God is wisdom and man's wisdom is derived from God. What St Thomas calls the eternal law is the all-pervading rationality of the universe. At the purely scientific level, the complete agnostic recognizes this fact, which he perhaps labels the Uniformity of Nature. The order in the cosmos, whether or not it be ascribed, as seems most natural, to a subsistent intelligence, strongly suggests that man himself, a feature of that cosmos, is subject to that all-pervading, all-wise Love 'that moves the sun and moon and the other stars'. Far beyond the Graeco-Roman and Hebraic civilizations, the Chinese sage Confucius perceived the same truth: 'What is ordained by Heaven is essential nature. Conformity to the essential nature is called the natural law. The refinement of the natural law is called culture.'

Man's refusal to order his life according to the principles of reason, whether stated in the specific enactments of human law or more broadly manifested in the natural law, is, to a greater or less extent, an offender against some transcendent order of reality. Manifestly, it would be ludicrous to suggest that any and every offence against the law of the land, every transgression of the Highway Code, every neglect of the municipal bye-laws, is a sin that cries to heaven for vengeance. But equally clearly it is to do less than justice to the dignity of man and the significance of his actions to insist that whatever iniquity he commits is no more

than an infringement of some man-made convention. The well-being of human society and the happiness of the individual would seem to require that we see in law something sacred, to be treated reasonably, in the fullest sense of that word, seen in its due relation to man's purposes here and hereafter.

No one has expressed this truth more simply and yet more sublimely than Hooker:

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

It may be felt that, at this stage, the whole thesis I am propounding has left the earth and taken off for the empyrean. Well, I have not been trying to write a handbook for lawyers and magistrates, to help them in the administration of the law. My aim has been rather to sketch out an ideal philosophy of law, to see a vision of the City of God, that unrealized Utopia, which yet serves, like Plato's *Republic*, to teach certain important practical truths. The mere term 'City of God' has become so identified with that rather ferocious Christian, Augustine, that many people are put off it. The sense in which I should like to apply it to our present theme is that of a society, ruled by the perfect wisdom which is, in fact, the pursuit of all men, whatever their religious beliefs. Religion, of course, adds colour, depth, richness to what might otherwise be a somewhat arid view of reality; but the quest for truth, with its implication of subsistent wisdom, is the all but universal concern of mankind. Behind the ever changing phenomena marches rank on rank the army of unalterable law. What men need to appreciate is the idea that the natural law, submission to which is the secret of man's success, is not the capricious invention of some unpredictable being, but is the expression of an eternally valid system of truth, beyond the range of man's comprehension yet ever the object of his pursuit. All men are content to accept the notion that the material universe is subject to law; it is a curious quirk of our nature that we cannot admit an analogous truth concerning the moral law. Yet, to quote Confucius again (lest we seem to be arguing from Christian or Jewish beliefs): 'These moral laws form the same system with the laws by which the seasons succeed each other and the sun and moon appear with the alternations of day and night.'

To sum up then: Human law is valid in so far as it is a specification, an application to the concrete situation, of the natural law, which is the law of man's well-being. The natural law, in its turn, is the application to man of the eternal law by which God rules the universe, that product of his wisdom and his power. It is possible, as we know, to consider human law in isolation from the natural law, just as it is possible, at least in theory, to accept a general moral system, applicable to mankind as a whole, without reference to God. But, as it would seem, the most comprehensive and most intellectually satisfying view is that which I have tried to sketch. In the knowledge and love and worship of God, man finds his fulfilment; and an important, indeed essential, part of that worship would seem to be the service and love of our fellow-men, involving duties based upon our common nature and expressed in principle in the natural law, in practice in human law, resting upon and specifying that same natural law. Law, Morals and Religion are three levels of one fundamental reality.

MORAL IMPLICATIONS OF PSYCHOLOGY

By MONICA LAWLOR

THE moral overtones of psychology have long been apparent, indeed to many people they are much more obvious than the content. Since psychology deals with the object of moral evaluation, the self, such a response is inevitable. While psychology existed primarily as a branch of philosophy it presented no particular ethical problem for the layman; but once it began to claim the status of a science, the situation changed radically. One has to remember that modern experimental and clinical psychology has developed in the context of the growing worship of scientific achievement; both began in Europe about the time of the great 'science versus religion' controversies of the last century. At a time when science appeared to threaten all the older values,

the threat of a science of the mind was especially dire; the last fortress was threatened. If, even today, many people consider psychology as *de facto* immoral, they do so against the background of the apparent dominance of scientific values over all others. That the fears raised by the popular idea of science as a threat to traditional values are largely illusory in no way lessens the threat of psychology as a science, until and unless those illusions are dispelled. Thus it is important that people should understand the philosophical basis of scientific study if they are to make any evaluation of the moral status of psychology. The issue can be avoided by claiming that psychology is not, and cannot be, a science; thus leaving a narrow area of neutral ground over which scientific values have no hold. People feel that science can have their bodies but their minds are their own. In order to hold this position at all successfully, a rigidly dualistic view of the body-mind relationship is called for, a solution which creates its own dilemma; for neurophysiology, if nothing else, encroaches more and more on this preserved inner core. In fact to dismiss psychology as essentially non-science becomes less and less possible. The development of psychology over the last fifty years has been such that few people can avoid the consequences of its increasing application to public life, and however little they may like this, they are inevitably exposed to intelligence testing, propaganda and advertising, to mention but a few of its more obvious applications.

In order to make a reasonable evaluation of psychology two things are necessary; one is some idea of the nature of science itself, and the other an understanding of the content and methods of psychology. In this paper I cannot go into the nature of science, but I commend it to your attention. The scientific status of psychology is equally beyond my present scope; indeed, since it is taught in the Science Faculties of most British universities, the question is somewhat rhetorical. What I propose to do is to discuss first of all the effect which psychology may be said to have had on our notions of morality itself, and secondly to discuss the moral questions raised by what may be broadly described as persuasion techniques.

The first point is for most people more familiar, and has a longer history; the problems centre around the question of psychological determinism, though other issues are necessarily involved. The bitterness of the controversies over the ideas of free

will and self-determination arises not so much because psychological discoveries invalidate notions which are essential to Christianity, as because the way in which the ideas are often expressed renders them incompatible with it. The peculiar way in which many people think of their moral freedom is often at the root of the trouble. The usual conception of free will is of the 'I do what I decide' kind in which the person sees the deciding self as different and separate from their whole personality; no decision can be free in this sense, since such freedom would act in vacuo. People decide what to do, in the sense that any decision arises from all that they are and all that they have experienced, and not independently of it. The unconscious elements in such decisions are part and parcel of themselves; self-awareness is limited and must be so, but it is not non-existent because of this. To say that psychology is irreligious and immoral because it examines the roots and manner of operation of moral choices is plainly foolish, since to attempt to understand moral behaviour is not necessarily the same as to dismiss it as irrelevant. Yet for many Christians psychology has been able to show us some of the limits to our moral freedom, so much the better. The truth, however unpalatable, sets us free in a much more profound sense than a spurious feeling of freedom. The difficulty which psychology raises for many people is that it undermines an essentially unsound notion of moral freedom as 'complete' (that is co-extensive with consciousness); yet in fact we have always recognized limits to our capacity for self-determination in the moral sense. Such a recognition is deeply embedded in our moral and legal codes, in the notions both of responsibility and culpability.

The psychologist cannot tell us what responsibility means, but he can tell us about the conditions in which actions take place, the extent to which an individual can be said to choose, and the principles which he has available to him when he makes a choice. Because of a growth of knowledge along these lines modern psychology has given rise to some drastic revisions of our notions of responsibility. The idea summed up in the words 'he isn't wicked, he's sick' as applied to every deviation from the narrow confines of socially accepted behaviour, expresses a current point of view which can roughly be attributed to the efforts of professional psychologists over the last sixty years to change popular notions of moral responsibility. We should also note that these are attempts to change the views of persons who are assumed to be themselves

'responsible', and able to choose a course of action on rational grounds.

We must be careful to distinguish between a point of view which is essentially derivative and one which is more strictly scientific. Any statement which depends for its cogency on the word 'wicked' is an extra-scientific statement; it involves a value judgement, and as such is the proper concern of theology or philosophy. The only way in which a psychologist can make a meaningful statement of this kind is to say that 'If you mean X by "wicked", then this is not a case of X, and therefore, on your criterion, not wicked.' Psychologists are by no means always as careful as this, they are often (though less so than formerly) guilty of categorical non-scientific statements which are offered to the reader as part and parcel of the 'scientific' reasoning. They are, we should remind ourselves, by no means alone in this: the extra-scientific statements of eminent scientists in all fields are a prominent feature of our contemporary culture. But it does often seem that Christians become rather too easily excited by the 'psychological' non-scientific statement; it is not unknown for them to become quite enthusiastic about the idea, for example, that all mental illness is due to sin; and very indignant with, for example, the idea that crime is a disease. Both reactions are equally unfortunate if they involve a failure to appreciate that neither statement is scientific in form, for neither is susceptible of experimental or observational verification. I do not wish to suggest that scientists should not make value judgements, they must and should do so; but we should judge their scientific statements in terms of science, and their value statements in the terms which are appropriate, whether legal, theological, philosophical or social. Because the scientist has specialized knowledge we must often depend on him to tell us the nature of the problem of which we as individuals must consider the social and moral implications.

One unfortunate result of the panic reactions to psychology has been that informed Christian opinion on the subject is almost non-existent. Of the three most common reactions, outright moral condemnation of the whole subject, spurious attempts to find correlations between every passing theoretical concept and some Christian dogma, and the easiest of all, a dismissal of psychology to the limbo of the pseudo-sciences, none has much to recommend it. Such reactions may be temporarily reassuring but they have led to what amounts to a moral failure. The number of Catholics

in this country with qualifications sufficiently orthodox to command professional respect in the academic world is so small that we have little but nervous prejudice to offer towards the solution of contemporary problems in this area.

To make any useful comment on the scientific value of any psychological work, to sort assumptions from facts, to distinguish the values from the theories, is a highly skilled job and demands professional competence in the field—it is not the sort of thing that any amateur can do on his afternoon off. To suggest that there is no real agreed body of psychological knowledge which commands any general respect and agreement within the profession is simply to refuse to face the facts of the contemporary situation; the subject may have more lunatic fringes than physics for example, but we should concern ourselves less with these fringes and more with the agreed body of knowledge, which is less easily dismissed.

I shall go on to illustrate what I mean by discussing two historical instances. I have chosen these because they are likely to be familiar and are relatively free from the technicalities which often put contemporary examples beyond the range of immediate impact for anyone but a specialist. Further, I think that both were critical in building up the attitude which classes an impulse to study academic psychology among the major temptations to which the flesh is heir.

What seems to have often happened in the past is that in rushing in to judge the psychologist we have failed to see some of the important ethical issues involved. How many people for example who have been ready to condemn Freud for his anti-religious and 'amoral' theories have overlooked his passionate concern for truth, or paused to see whether they had anything to learn before they ran to the defence of the orthodox? Whether he built the beginnings of a scientific theory or a mythology is in the province of science to determine. What his evaluators have often failed to notice was his own belief in the importance of man's rational qualities (however little hope he may have expressed about their determining much of human behaviour) and the value which he placed on truth. It is hard to believe that he would have bothered to write at all had he not valued rationality, still less written as he did. What little he knew of religion struck him as being full of illusion, distortion, and deliberately anti-intellectual, anti-rational attitudes; and which of us shall say that we have so cleared our minds of cant that he had no justification. That he

missed the whole central point of the Jewish and Christian religions is obvious, that he was prejudiced was equally obvious; but that he had nothing to tell us about the way in which Christianity can assume all the aspects of a superstitious cult is less obvious. His own prejudice is excusable; he took up psychiatry largely because the prejudice against Jews in Catholic Vienna was so strong that he could not have earned a living as a neurologist.

For people who firmly follow Popper in believing that psycho-analysis is a pseudo-science, perhaps none of this matters very much. But at the same time as Freud was shocking his contemporaries in Vienna a well-known gentleman was ringing bells in Russia and causing dogs to suffer the illusion that this indicated the arrival of their dinner. This is all good clean science and has little to do with morality. Until, developed into Watson's theory of behaviourism, Pavlov's theories hit America in the middle thirties and announced the end of the 'Soul', all seemed well. It was just possible to say that this was another school of psychology, highly controversial, overstated, an unrespectable aberration in the academic world. But these theories changed the whole trend of academic psychology, and while they were not perhaps held for long in their original form, they had, and still have, a widespread popular impact. When Watson was deprived of his university chair (and people hastily dug themselves in behind the flimsy barricades of Cartesianism), his influence on academic psychology was already established. Within psychology itself this influence was in the main healthy, as an antidote to the over-subjective methods of study in vogue at the time. But he himself then earned his living by writing 'popular' accounts of his theory and by going to work in an advertising agency. The popular accounts of his theory are still with us in a considerable mythology about psychological determinism; his employment by an advertising agency was a straw in the wind, and hundreds of psychologists now wend their way towards this contemporary Eldorado. And here the two trends meet; the theories of behaviourism and of psycho-analysis both turn out to be useful when you want to sell people something. Of course these warring factions have been assimilated to each other much more than at first sight would have appeared likely, as each has added something to the other besides contributing to general psychological knowledge; but the public treaty ground is more spectacular.

This brings me to the second half of my theme. I would add in

conclusion to this first part that other aspects of psychology, less dramatic in origin and less startling in their popular impact, have applications which are no less important. The application of knowledge about perception to instrument-panel design, or of knowledge about effective learning methods to the education of children, may make life easier, safer or more rewarding, but they will never make headline news. The moral implications of the application of the great bulk of psychological knowledge to life do not stray beyond the familiar, so that I need not go into them further.

In recent years a number of books have caught the popular imagination, which have suggested that the threat of psychology lies not in its attack on theology or free-will, but in its power as a tool in persuasion. Accustomed as we are to the idea of propaganda, it no longer shocks us. We feel that, to employ that dubious concept, people 'ought' not to be taken in by it; if they assert their rational powers they can seek the truth diligently and find it. But techniques which corrupt those rational powers are a different story. Think for a moment of Sargant,¹ Whyte,² and Packard;³ are these panic books? Or do they draw our attention to new problems in morality? Many people's reactions would suggest that while they fear that psycho-analysis will make other people immoral, they fear that persuasion techniques may be getting at *them*; a less self-righteous but perhaps more unnerving position.

It is possible to take the view that no one knows enough psychology to be able to do anyone any harm, so that it is all a fuss about nothing. Many psychologists, for example, feel that advertising people are wasting their money on psychological advice, a subject perhaps for rejoicing but not for anxiety. Now this view may be correct, and almost certainly it is so to the extent that the degree of the threat has been greatly exaggerated as yet. We can still, as Packard says, 'defend ourselves against depth manipulation by becoming carefully rational in all our acts', but he adds 'such a course is not only visionary but unattractive' (op. cit., page 216). We have in fact two separate problems here; one is the use which is being made of persuasion techniques which work, and the other the use of allegedly scientific instruments as bludgeons, even when we are not at all sure that they do work.

¹ William Sargant, *Battle for the Mind* (Wm. Heinemann Ltd., 1959).

² William Whyte, *The Organization Man* (Simon and Schuster Inc., 1956).

³ Vance Packard, *The Hidden Persuaders* (David McKay, 1957; Penguin Books, 1960).

Brainwashing, as we all now know, is a technique based on the refinement of Pavlov's theory and method; we also know that it is only 100 per cent successful if we can shoot the failures. The morality of the use of this application of psychology is not, however, one that even an 'ivory tower' psychologist can ignore. For one thing he may be concerned to develop an antidote, or methods which render the technique ineffective. It is certain that a widespread understanding of this technique will render it less effective, and a careful study of the failures (if alive) gives us a clue to the best way to resist it. It behoves those who are concerned with the use to which their knowledge may be put to see that people understand it well enough to limit the possibilities of abuse.

But the ethic is not provided by the science which makes it important or even necessary. For the Christian such an obligation may be self-evident, but it is not so for everyone. Whyte's appendix on 'How to cheat on Personality Tests' (op. cit.) must be regarded as an ethically orientated action. It seems to him a morally proper act because he sees that knowledge will enable people to limit the extent to which they can be 'got at' by such techniques. Because the government may have to be involved for systematic brainwashing to take place, the question there may be one of public morality rather than individual. But when we come to consider such things as the uses of mental tests or of information acquired and used in a commercial setting, the individual must make his own decisions.

The American Psychological Association some years ago put out a very commendable document on professional ethics for psychologists, which is more than adequate in the clinical sphere; for there our notions are conditioned by medical ethics, and the issues are often simpler because we are more used to the kind of problem involved. But for other situations this code may be less adequate, and individuals may find themselves in the midst of a problem that they are essentially unprepared for. Social engineering of various kinds raises this sort of problem; there are now a number of techniques which are known to produce 'happy atmospheres' in factories, and a man may find himself confronted with the possibility that he is using his knowledge to grind the faces of the poor in a new, humane, way. It is not unknown for a psychologist to see himself in this light and flee for the ivory tower of the university lest worse befall him; but such people are unusual and may even be mistaken. The important point is that for

many the problem does not appear to exist. For those alive to the possibility of abuse, it often happens that the issues involved are extremely difficult because of their order of magnitude and the limited resources which they may be able to bring to bear on them.

For the Christian such issues are still extremely involved and difficult, but he has at least the security of some set of coherent principles he can bring to bear on the issues when he has sorted them out as best he can. But the intelligent Christian (and I use the term advisedly) is in the minority. For many others the possible solution to such ethical problems is only vaguely defined; if they apply the criterion 'Does it do anyone any harm?' it usually resolves itself on the pleasure-pain principle, with the sort of result so graphically described by Whyte (*op. cit.*)—a magnificent analysis of spiritual death by kindness. Happiness can be a tricky weapon if we equate it with anaesthesia. Nevertheless, such a criterion is frequently the only one that is applied, because it seems to be the only one compatible with science or, more properly, with scientism. The idea of 'adjustment' as a goal, regardless of the value of that to which one is adjusting, is another widely held ethical norm. That we have examples of men of vigorous intellect combating such notions is something for which we should be thankful; they made a stand for the dignity of the human race that we ourselves often fail to make or to make effectively, precisely because we refuse to live in the world. As I suggested earlier, because we have neglected this field for so long we have so far made little positive contribution to the solution of the moral problems which face psychologists today. It is fortunate for all of us that other more eloquent people not only share so many of our values but are in a position to set us an example.

The question is no longer an idle one even for academic psychologists; the demand for consultants in the newer applied fields is considerable, and the habit of commissioning academic psychologist to carry out special projects on the increase. Large numbers of academic psychologists earn as much as their university salaries, and sometimes considerably more, in an advisory capacity; many more pick up a few hundred pounds in this way from time to time to help things along. Before we start making any judgements about this, we must consider what such work entails and whether we think it involves any ethical issues. Although this work is very varied, the most recent and most lucrative branches are in market research, sales research and advertising; many

MORAL IMPLICATIONS OF PSYCHOLOGY 311

graduates in psychology now go into these professions on a full-time basis, so that the net is fairly widely spread. These professional fields are no doubt commendable, and many people who work in them complain that psychologists as a whole are unnecessarily pure-minded about becoming involved in them. If a psychologist is consulted about, for example, attention, so that advertisements may be constructed which will catch the eye, be easy to read and so forth, such work creates no particular problems; it is useful and can be interesting. But if the psychologist is asked to develop ideas which will sell things by indirect methods, the situation is by no means so simple.

The popular outcry some years ago about subliminal advertising will probably be sufficiently well remembered to serve as an example of the type of technique which might be involved in indirect persuasion. There are two quite distinct problems here: (a) Can it be done? (b) Should it be done? Quite rightly many people think that the first is at present the more important question, and suggest that we need not argue about (b) until (a) is settled. At present (a) is not settled; opinions differ and evidence is equivocal. But can we really afford to wait that long before we decide, in principle, whether such techniques are morally acceptable? The picture is further complicated by the fact that commercially commissioned research is secret; some of it is published, but there is no guarantee that a really successful idea or finding will ever be made public; this means that we have to assess the possibilities on such independent evidence as exists. With a situation of this kind we can only have tentative views until we understand the exact nature of the process, and its limits of operation; but we must surely at least think about the moral issues, in advance of the moment of certainty. Similarly with many of the depth techniques discussed by Packard, some thought is called for. One rather ironical side issue here is that the successful use of psychoanalytic hypotheses in selling milk products, cigarettes and toothpaste is probably the greatest single test of their validity that we have. It is doubtful whether we make any very effective contribution to contemporary social ethics by continuing to say that these theories are nonsense.

Now it can be argued that if people are silly enough to buy things they do not want because the weaker aspects of their souls are being played upon, that is their problem. Equally it can be claimed that when two products are identical in all but name,

there is no rational ground for choosing between them, so that it does not matter which people buy anyway. This seems true enough; indeed I believe that the success of much advertising lies in the fact that differences in products are often so small that it is simply not worth while to expend the mental energy to distinguish between them, and people who would resist advertising in other circumstances simply allow it to solve the problem for them in this case.

But this is not the whole picture, for people have weak spots. According to Harry Stack Sullivan, loneliness is the greatest single cause of anxiety and mental pain in the Western world today; given this proposition I imagine that few readers will have much trouble in seeing the use which has been made of such an idea in contemporary advertising. People can be persuaded into needing things to the extent that they will incur debts they cannot meet and buy things they can ill afford in search of the proffered happiness and security. Well, we can all say 'more fools they'; the sophisticated, the educated and the intelligent despise the victims of depth manipulation either in the world of politics or commerce. But can we really take up such an attitude in any spirit of charity? Can we be so sure that we are not our brother's keeper?

To my mind we have an obligation which is imposed on us by knowledge and the power which it gives. The obligation is twofold; first, it is to see what use is made of that knowledge, and to struggle for its moral use by ordinary democratic means. In order to do this effectively we must understand as precisely as possible both the techniques involved and the moral issues which their use raises. The second obligation may, I believe, be peculiar to psychology in some ways, though in others the biological sciences are also involved. With all persuasion techniques it can be said that knowledge of them limits their effectiveness. They operate quite largely by manipulating our attention away from them. Once we understand them we can attend to the manipulating process, and thus rob it of much of its effectiveness. To a much more limited extent this is also true with the effects of some drugs. I therefore believe that popular education, the wide dissemination of knowledge, is the best long-term safeguard we can offer people against the manipulation of their anxieties in the interest of profit or political gain. In doing this we shall return the individual his freedom to act rationally and morally; whether he does so or not should be his own choice and not ours.

So long as we regard psychology as morally and intellectually disreputable, we will be morally ineffective in relation to it. If we persist in the belief that the ordinary people who make up society are too stupid and ineffectual to protect themselves, we undermine their essential dignity as people. It may demand more faith in human freedom than most people appear to be able to muster up to adopt this attitude, but we have sold the pass once we, too, adopt the view that understanding is for experts only.

To some extent the moral problems of applied psychology will become less difficult for the individual psychologist when a more widespread knowledge of what he is doing, and what he can do, makes general evaluation easier. If I may return to my first point, the moral implications of psychology are peculiar in that it deals with the object of moral evaluation, the human person and his actions. May I conclude by saying that if we are to come to any reasonable answers to the moral problems raised by psychology, both blind panic and an excess of moral righteousness are inappropriate; it behoves us to use our brains and to start using them quickly. Psychology has a long start on us.

CARL JUNG, PSYCHOLOGY AND CATHOLICISM

By JOHN McLEISH

Part 2. Jung and Catholicism

'As a philosopher and speculating heretic I am naturally easy prey.'
(CARL GUSTAV JUNG)

EMPIRICAL SCIENCE AND DOGMATIC THEOLOGY

PSYCHIATRY is concerned with the study and relief of mental disturbances and illness by techniques which have developed within the context of rational medicine. Religion is a matter of belief and practice based on inferences from natural phenomena and social relationships, informed by Divine revelation. The subject matter of psychiatry and of religion is most diverse as they

are both ultimately concerned with the whole of human experience. There is necessarily a rich and complex inter-relationship between them based on a mutual concern with the human personality and a correct ordering of the data of experience of personal and social life.

The initial relations between psychiatry and religion were rather unfortunate, since the development of psychological medicine can plausibly be summed up as a continued struggle for jurisdiction over the mental and spiritual development of persons whose behaviour was ambiguous in relation to doctrine and belief or with reference to social norms. Up to the end of the eighteenth century the history of psychiatry is largely concerned with the growth of a new attitude to witchcraft and demonology generally. It was a matter of denying the mediaeval frame of reference more and more as it became apparent to the physician that the treatments which seemed to follow logically from dogmatic premises were in the interests neither of the mental health of the patient nor of the community. Psychiatry developed in a context which became more and more hostile to religion as understood and practised before the scientific enlightenment.

The anti-religious bias of psychology reached its peak during the second half of the nineteenth century at the very time when a brilliant succession of German psychiatrists, culminating in Emil Kraepelin, were effecting a tremendous break-through in knowledge in this field. At a time when a certain Orthodox Christian professor of physiology was saying that the science of physiology was concerned with man's soul and only secondarily with his body, the anti-vitalist views of the great von Helmholtz and Brücke appeared as a programme of liberation of the intellect and of science from the obscurantist control of the theologian. Freud, who was trained in the crudely mechanical materialist tradition which dominated continental medicine at this period, continued to reject religion as 'an illusion' to the end, although it was clear that psychoanalysis of neurotic personalities has at best merely a peripheral relevance to the metaphysical question of the existence of God.

As a result of this previous history there is considerable mutual suspicion between the psychiatrist and the theologian: each suspects the other of imperialist ambitions; each can quote from a long dossier instances of colonialist aggressions by the other; both have certain prepared positions and settled arguments which they

feel cannot be given up without a complete abandonment of their status and territorial rights. The professional tendency of the psychiatrist to evaluate religious teachings on the basis of their therapeutic value to the patient without stopping to consider whether they might be true or false infuriates the theologian. The professional tendency of the theologian to consider questions of morality in terms of logic and revelation without any reference to human happiness and suffering creates difficulties in the psychiatrist's mind.

It is to be accounted virtue in Jung that he does not allow past quarrels to affect his judgement as to the particular spheres of theology and psychiatry. His insistence on remaining on the level of empirical observation and adhering to scientific method has been often misunderstood. This is often the fault of Jung since he is not explicit enough to neutralize certain expectations and presuppositions with which most people approach his writings. For example, the first reaction of Fr Victor White to *The Answer to Job* was that much of the book was destructive and childish, and that the author was 'barking up the wrong tree'. The remarkable insights of this attempt to interpret the Book of Job entirely on the basis that it is a psychological document escapes Fr White at this point: the fact that an encounter with Jung's thought could conceivably be the very first time that the whole of the Old Testament was illumined and made comprehensible to a scientific mind is unknown to him.

Jung himself has said that his writings are not really intended for believers: his ideal reader would seem to be a cultured and intelligent scientist or professional man who, as a result of his training, never thinks about religion or imagines that it could have any relevance for him. In a sense Jung's writings are too difficult for a person with a theological background: such a reader has too many prejudices and preconceptions. He may have lost the capacity for understanding that objective truth is not enough for human beings: unless the truths of religion are psychologically true and can be *experienced* by the individual they are lifeless and must lack the *essential* truth of religion. Jung does not so much say these things as illustrate them again and again in diverse contexts which invariably have a human reference. In the relations between God and Man, Jung is concerned with the human aspect and hardly at all concerned with God as He is in Himself.

The practical consequence of this approach is that for Jung

there is no conflict between psychiatry and real religion. One of the consequences of a Jungian analysis will normally be that the individual ceases to conform to religious practices and to accept religious dogmas on the basis of a compulsive fear developed in childhood. Instead he develops a real religious consciousness based on an adult and rational affirmation. Devotions cease to be an external ritual: conduct ceases to be based merely on what the individual believes to be acceptable. In other words, religion becomes a living, human reality instead of a petrified ritual and dead dogma.

It is possible, of course, that in freeing himself from irrational compulsions and the influence of childhood conditioning the individual in fact ceases to believe and ceases to conform. Jung is not perturbed at this prospect, although he does not begin by anticipating such an outcome. In the belief that the most important thing in life is to be true to oneself and one's inner convictions, be these what they may, he is in line with Catholic doctrine, although the emphasis he places on this principle of individual judgement has effects on his practical activities which are hardly to be found in traditional Christianity.

It is perhaps here that Jung becomes vulnerable to Catholic criticism. His insistence on dealing with religious phenomena and affirmations within a psychiatric frame of reference, that is to say, one in which the individual and his needs are the prime and only consideration, has a valuable contribution to make to the understanding of the *relevance* of religion. But necessarily, he can say nothing about the *truth* of religion, nor can he throw any light on the question of the *magisterium* of the living Church and the individual duty of submission and the needs of discipline. Jung is, of course, aware that religion can also be considered within a theological and historical frame of reference, and would perhaps even insist that enough has already been said about the institutional needs of the religious group, and that we need to devote our attention and resources to caring for the individual who has become disordered as the result of the pressures from the group.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

For Jung the foundation of individual development is the collective unconscious. The mythological motifs and primeval arche-

types which go to make up the collective unconscious have inevitably a religious colouration: in this sense religion is natural and normal to human beings. Unlike the Freudian approach, Jung makes it possible by recognizing positive, healthy and objective elements in our unconscious life to maintain the essential normality of the religious life and religious experience. For Freud complexes are always infantile, morbid and bear a negative character. Hence religion and the belief in God, since this is modelled on the immature and infantile attitudes of dependence and Oedipus impulses, is identified with the pathological. Religious experience is therefore an illusion: the saints belong properly to the museum of psychiatric curiosities; their witness is to something obscene and unhealthy. The proper course to pursue with an individual who sees visions or hears voices is to show him how these may be explained as a residue of infantile guilt: once this has been resolved by psychoanalysis the visions and voices will cease to trouble.

Jung thus accepts the objective character of religious experience. That is to say, he is not prepared to rule out in advance the possibility that (say) the visions of St Nicholas von der Flue were in fact of supernatural origin. The appropriate attitude in such cases is that the visions need interpretation along the lines of the soul's adventures out of space, time and causality: they need to be explained by the clinician, not explained away. Mystical experiences provide materials testifying to the validity of the theory of *acausal synchronicity* by which Jung means the co-existence in time and place of events which are not related to each other in terms of cause and effect. Thus the Freudian principle of psychic determinism is abolished since the essential phenomenon relating to human beings is the principle of freedom, of spiritual development which is not to be explained in terms of personal influence but rather of a spontaneous movement of the psyche.

But although accepting the normality of religious experience in general, Jung's interest as a psychiatrist is concentrated on the unhealthy, unbalanced and non-integrated experience and religious practices characteristic of the neurotic. Reference has already been made to the compulsive, fear-dominated substitute for a real, living, human relationship with the unseen powers. Scrupulosity as the religious analogue of a secular anxiety-neurosis illustrates another meeting-point for the pastor and the psychiatrist. The problem of whether the individual has a true religious

vocation, the psychology of the mystic, the problem of evil, the psychologocal interpretation of the mystery of the Trinity, the detail of hagiography—these are recurrent themes in Jung's writings and indicate the rapprochement between religion and psychiatry of which he has been the instrument.

It is clear that the value of Jung's writings in relation to the question of the validation of Catholic belief and practice is NIL. The truth or otherwise of religion cannot be established by empirical evidence from sick or healthy psyches. Jung's achievement is to point to the fact that religion is a human concern in the sense that there is no necessary incompatibility between the integration (health) of the psyche and religious affirmations, and on the other hand that religious conceptions, like all human functions and processes, are subject to laws of growth and of stagnation. He has psychologized religion to the benefit of the believer: at the same time he has enriched psychology by offering it a new field of enquiry together with the tools necessary for its cultivation.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S LETTERS

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

The Letters and Diaries of John Henry Newman. Vol. XI, October 1845–December 1846. Edited by Charles Stephen Dessain. (Thomas Nelson, 63s. net.)

EVIL communications corrupt good manners, but good communications corrupt biographies. 'It has ever been a hobby of mine,' Newman himself wrote, '(unless it be a truism, not a hobby) that a man's life lies in his letters. . . . Biographers varnish; they assign motives; they conjecture feelings; they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; they palliate or defend,' and it was certainly out of letters that the great eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century biographies were compiled. Today people no longer write letters. They make their appointments by telephone. Communications

are such that friends can keep their friendships in repair by personal contact, or, if a friendship be not thus kept in repair, most people live in such a crush of company that it soon lapses and passes out of mind. There is no longer the leisurely exchange of views over a distance on every subject under the sun in which Jefferson and Adams corresponded. As a result, though the first half of the twentieth century has produced at least as many interesting characters, admirable or detestable, as any other period, and in spite of the vogue for what the popular papers call biography, I doubt if there is one of the twentieth-century characters who has inspired a biography that can be called a serious contribution to literature.

How different in this respect was the nineteenth century; when men loved to set out all their various opinions in private letters, when, as, for instance, we see in Hugo Wortham's life of Oscar Browning, even the masters of Eton, who were seeing one another every day, liked to argue out their controversies in interminable letters and when everyone was at pains to keep every letter that he received and copies of every letter that he sent in a way that no one, I suppose, does today! The result is that every Victorian has left behind him a vast corpus of letters from which the eager researcher can quarry. There is perhaps a danger in this. The demands of the transatlantic Ph.D. ensure that there are today many more people anxious to write than there are people worth writing about. It is only the small minority that is worth exhuming a hundred years after its death, and much wasted ingenuity has been spent, and will be spent, resurrecting people who at this distance are not really worth the resurrection. But, of whatever other characters that may be true, it is certainly not true of Newman. Newman is one of those rare men who were important in their lifetime but who are certainly more important today two generations after their death than they were when living. The modern mind, the new discoveries both in secular religious scholarship, demanded a restatement of the traditional Catholic doctrine in new language. It was Newman more than any other single man who satisfied that demand and who is today recognized to have satisfied it. Born at a time when the major popular reproach against Catholics was that they owed a foreign allegiance and were therefore unpatriotic, Newman combined his Catholicism with an insular English nationalism reminiscent of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. 'I had rather be an Englishman,' he said, '(as

in fact I am) than belong to any other race under heaven.' To a non-Catholic friend, more naturally at home with continental ways, Newman's Englishness was a matter for good-natured amusement. Dean Church thought him 'almost the unique cross between a true Briton of the proud school of Chatham and Burke and the enthusiastic, devout, fervid Roman Catholic.' Yet today Newman is recognized as widely as the interpreter of Catholicism—perhaps sometimes more widely—outside England as inside it.

It is therefore much more than a matter of idle curiosity that we should learn all that we can of Newman—see if we can understand his foibles and his prejudices, the development of his mind, why one argument appealed to him and another failed to appeal, the type of persons among whom he was thrown, and to help us to understand that Fr Dessain is putting us deeply in his debt by publishing the vast collection of Newman's Letters and, in an appendix, an invaluable biographical index of his correspondents.

When we read a man's biography we know the end of the story and very easily almost slip into the assumption that the subject of the biography and everybody else knew it at the time. We forget that it was unknown. Thus we know that Newman was to live to be nearly ninety and that his life was to be almost exactly divided into two equal parts by his reception. We forget that Newman did not know that at the time. We find with a shock that at forty-five he thought of himself as an old man, whose work was essentially finished, who had come to port after a stormy voyage, who was prepared to undertake such tasks as might be assigned to him during his few remaining years but who thought that his important literary work was done, that he had said his say and that there was nothing significant remaining.

A full correspondence contains all the documents. It is a record, not a work of art. It is inevitable that a man, writing daily to many correspondents, will often repeat himself. We have, for instance, in Newman's case, the thirty or so letters to friends announcing that he was going to be received. Naturally enough the letters say very much the same thing over and over again. The summary of his argument about the Development of Christian Doctrine in different letters is naturally repetitious, as are the accounts of his experiences at Milan, Rome and elsewhere. A biographer of Newman would have said these things once and for all and passed on. The editor of selected letters would not have bothered so continually to cross the 't' of etc. But there are a few

people for whom we want the full evidence, and Newman is one of those few. Yet naturally the publication of the full correspondence of a man who lived for all but ninety years, who wrote an immense quantity of letters and the vast majority of whose letters have survived, requires many volumes. The present is Volume XI and it covers only one of Newman's ninety years—albeit a very important year—the fifteen months from his reception into the Catholic Church in October 1845, to the end of 1946, which found him a three-month-old resident of Propaganda College in Rome.

It would be cheating to take a Macaulayesque privilege and make this volume a peg for a general essay on Newman. The volume opens with Newman immediately about to be received. We are not shown him debating the balance of arguments which over the preceding years had led him to that decision. It will be for the reviewer of a future volume to study his years of depression when he felt that so much of the Catholic world—the Pope, Manning, the Irish bishops and, last of all, even some of his own Oratorians—were hostile to his ambition to restate the Catholic position, and to decide what part, if any, self-pity had in bringing him to that depression. It will be for other reviewers again to comment on the English nation's acclamation of the *Apologia* and on the sunset recognition under Leo XIII. We can, I think, only learn from this sort of publication if we stick to its particular and exact lessons. Then there is plenty to learn.

To begin with, it is from letters—particularly from unselected and unedited letters—that we learn those trivialities of a man's life, each by itself apparently unimportant but which, taken together, are so necessary if we are to form a picture of him and of the society in which he lived.

For detail, detail, most I care,
Ce superflu, si nécessaire.

Thus it is interesting and surprising to discover how bad a speller Newman was—particularly of place-names. He thought that 'plum-pudding' was spelt 'plumb-pudding', that 'negotiation' was 'negociation'. We find Brittany with one 't' and Burnley in Lancashire as *Burnleigh*. Though he had lived not far from it for years he yet thought that there were two t's at the end of Didcot. Stonyhurst is admittedly a hard one for a man to whom the name is unfamiliar, but Newman makes it Stonyhurst and *Stoneyhurst*

in successive lines. In the 1840's the railway age was still in its infancy. Incredible as it may seem to the modern traveller, trains went more slowly than they do today. By the time of Newman's old age they went more quickly, but in the 1840's it took six hours to get from London to Birmingham. What is more, many places were still far from a railway. Newman's journey to see Pusey at Tenby was a frightful business. He could only get by train as far as Bristol. Thence he had to make a two-day journey by steamer—incidentally in a rainstorm—and, returning, he had to take a coach as far as Gloucester. It all cost him £8, which, since, when he got to Pusey, he discovered that Pusey was neither dying, as he had alleged, nor had he anything important to say, Newman considered a great waste of money and commented that he would have got much better value if he had spent the £8 on books. In journey after journey a part of the way has to be made on foot, usually carrying his own luggage. Thus to enter Italy he has to walk with St John over the Simplon Pass. The branch line from Blackburn through Whalley and Clitheroe to Hellifield cannot then have been built, for to get to Stonyhurst he has to walk, carrying his luggage from Accrington (why from Accrington rather than from Preston or Blackburn I cannot imagine). Newman was a man who valued asceticism but he did not like it in excess. At Oriel he had been the Fellow deputed to buy the wine. At Littlemore he and his disciples had indeed lived austere lives. Nevertheless even Littlemore had not quite prepared him for all that he had to endure. It was the 'roughness' of life in Catholic institutions which he found a major trial, and of course it is an important detail of the picture to remember how much greater was the contrast in material standards between Catholic and Anglican institutions then than it is today. As we see, equally from the life of Faber and many others, the convert of that day had to accept a surrender of fleshpots much more drastic than would be required today. At Oscott Newman was offered no supper and the only food he could procure for himself was a stale piece of bread which he picked up off the floor where it had been lying since breakfast. This might, I think, fairly be called 'rough'.

Yet the story of Newman is, of course, predominantly the story of his religious opinions. Indeed, if we were to judge simply from the letters in this volume, we should conclude that he had no opinions other than religious opinions. The idea of a university, his critical views about literature and music, which we find

elsewhere, amply show that this was not so, and even during these years St John's Journal shows that Newman was not absolutely dominated by religion every single minute of the day. 'To the steamer with N.,' writes St John; 'he talking of his old recollections and fondness for Brighton—so bright and cheerful', but Newman's own letters—it is a curiosity since this is a complete collection of them—contain no word of any such sort. Apart from a few about matters of money and property—payment of debts and the disposal of Littlemore—these letters are entirely concerned with religion.

The two questions that it is natural to ask of them is whether they throw any additional light on his reasons for becoming a Catholic and whether they betray any incipient suspicion of the difficulties that he was going to meet with in the Church? As to the first question, Newman's own debate where his allegiance was owed belongs, as has been said, to a previous volume. This volume opens with his decision already taken, but the decision was of course in Newman's eyes a decision both of enormous and of general moment. He tells us exactly what he thinks about it in a letter to Mrs Lockhart. It was not to his mind merely a matter of the abstract desirability of sincerity. He interpreted *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* as broadly as he dared. Baptized Protestants received a valid sacrament and therefore the grace that goes with it. They could, he argued, display sanctity and achieve salvation. Even a non-Christian who was sincere might receive grace, though not the covenanted, sacramental, grace, and be saved. We had no right to set a limit to the mercy of God. Newman made indeed much less fuss about frequenting non-Catholic services than Catholics under Manning's rule were to make at a later date. Even towards the end of his life there was to be that famous and comic scene when, staying with Dean Church at St Paul's, he attended matins there and was spoken to by three vergers—comic because a gossip writer reported the scene as if the vergers had requested Newman to leave the Cathedral—a version which both Newman and Church refuted with amusement. Even in these first Catholic days Newman was much concerned at the estrangement between his fellow convert, Knox, and Knox's father. He was anxious that their relations should be as little strained as possible and obtained from Newsham, the President of Ushaw, a ruling that there could be no objection to Knox attending his father's family prayers. 'I have seen Mr Newsham this morning on your

matter, and he tells me that since the prayers are unobjectionable he allows you to attend them,' Newman writes to Knox.

But, though it was possible to live a good life unsupported by regular sacraments, the chances of doing so were much less than those of one who was living the life instituted by Almighty God. He thought it wrong to unsettle those who were wholly sure of their duty to remain in another communion. Of all his colleagues of Anglican days it was with Church that his relations were most easy. 'Church is the only person (with Johnson) whom I can speak to,' he wrote, and this was because of them all Church was both the most sure of his own position and the least inclined to cast any doubts on Newman's sincerity. But a non-Catholic who was unsure of himself, who had possibly been offered the gift of faith and was hesitating for some worldly advantage or affection whether to accept it was in a very perilous condition. To have been called and to have rejected the call was a very deadly sin which put a soul in peril. He thought that Henry Wilberforce might be such a soul and therefore with him allowed no consideration of petty courtesy to restrain him from argument. There are long letters to Wilberforce, urging him to take the step and casting frank doubt on the sincerity of the motives that restrained him. They had effect, though not within the period of this volume, for Wilberforce was received in 1850. Newman was as unsparing with Mrs Bowden, refuting the notion that she should hold back for fear of offending her brother-in-law.

There were two separate arguments in Newman's mind in his controversy with Wilberforce. As against the High Church position, which Wilberforce held and which Newman had himself held a few years before, Newman argued that the Church must of her nature be one. Fifty years were still to go before there was to be a Papal pronouncement on Anglican orders, and even after his reception into the Catholic Church Newman was still inclined to think that the orders which he had received as an Anglican might possibly be valid. This possibility was sufficient to make him to wonder for a time whether he ought to take Catholic orders and to make him toy with the notion that perhaps he should earn his living in his Catholic days as a layman. It was sufficient to make him curiously anxious to assure correspondents that they might address him as 'the Rev' on their envelopes. But it was finally irrelevant. As an Anglican he might have been a priest. He was certainly a schismatic. To continue in schisms was sin.

When he understood what he was doing, he made the change. It was Wilberforce's duty to do the same.

On the other hand no patristic scholar could deny the charge, whether made by a High Churchman or an Evangelical Protestant, that Catholics of his day did, on certain matters at least, use language different from that of the Christians of the early Church, yet the Church must not only be one at a given time but also one through the ages—the same yesterday as today. It was to meet this point that Newman produced his subtle theory of development, arguing that later doctrine was not a contradiction but a development of earlier beliefs, in which it was from the first implicit.

The most difficult of Newman's personal relations during these years was with Pusey. The other Tractarians were younger men than he and had been his disciples. It was only natural when he took a step forward that he should explain to them why he had taken it and seek to persuade them to follow him. But Pusey was an older man than Newman. He had been more nearly Newman's master than his disciple. Besides, Pusey, as Newman confessed, showed no sign at all of being unsettled in his Anglican position. On those grounds Newman should, one would have said, have treated Pusey with the courtesy due to an older and distinguished man and left him alone. But Pusey, unwilling to be merely left alone, was certainly urging those whom he could influence not to go over to Rome. This Newman thought to be wicked. But it is hard to see what else in Pusey's position he could have been expected to do. Newman himself had written to Henry Wilberforce: 'I have either done what is highly pleasing to God or what is highly displeasing—and I cannot but think that an English clergyman ought to be prepared to deny that it is highly pleasing.' Pusey sincerely believed the Church of England to be a part of the Catholic Church. It was therefore natural enough that he should have urged people to remain in her. Pusey wrote that a mutual friend of theirs, Isaac Williams, an Anglican, who had been thought to be mortally ill was recovering. Newman replied: 'Your news about Isaac Williams was most cheering. There have been many prayers offered up here that he might be reserved till he was a Catholic.' It was hardly a tactful thing to say to Pusey.

The story of Newman's difficulties with his fellow Catholics is, of course, a story for future volumes. This volume is here only of importance for the first little shadows of coming events that are

cast in it. Newman, as indeed all the Tractarians except Church who had been brought up in Italy, was quite extraordinarily ignorant of Catholic ways. There was in those days a sundering social cleavage between the communions. Newman in his Anglican days hardly ever spoke to a Catholic. Unlike the modern High Churchman, even when he was abroad, he thought it wrong to have anything to do with, or to obtain any understanding of, Catholic ceremonies. 'When I have been in churches abroad,' he writes, 'I have religiously abstained from acts of worship, though it was a most soothing comfort to go into them—nor did I know what was going on; I neither understood nor tried to understand the Mass service—and I did not know, or did not observe, the Tabernacle lamp.' He did not know before his reception that Catholics reserved the Blessed Sacrament. As a consequence conversion was to him, as it were, a social leap in the dark of a kind that is today almost inconceivable. Breaking with his old friends, he had no notion what manner of men his new companions would be. As a superior, he was not, of course, altogether an easy master. From some, as from St John, he received deep and unvarying devotion. Others were to find his demands for loyalty excessive. So even in these letters there are some first signs of troubles to come—the first criticisms of Faber, a harsh complaint of disloyalty, for the moment, composed, against Dalgairns, a very severe lecture for Morris for his alleged selfishness about the house, couched in such terms that it is not surprising that Morris, while remaining Newman's friend, decided that it was not his vocation to remain a member of his community.

Yet the real problem was that of his relations with those who were already Catholics. They were on the whole favourable. Catholics were quite unfamiliar to him and he found them, as he said, 'rough', but from Gregory XVI downwards he received a courteous welcome and was touched by it. About him, as about every convert down to quite recent times, gossips had set going their tittle-tattle that he was unhappy in his new allegiance. An Anglican clergyman wrote a letter which got published asserting that 'Newman despised Wiseman and Wiseman hated Newman'. Newman was merely amused at its absurdity. When Mrs Bowden complained to him that Fr Brownbill, the Jesuit, had treated her as if she were a child and had assumed in her a total ignorance of all religious matters, Newman defended Brownbill. At that date we can see from Newman's own experience and from that of

many of his followers it was strangely easy to be received. One had only to make an appointment with a priest and he received one, it seems, almost at a day's notice. There was no period of instruction, and there was, argued Newman, taking example from himself, such enormous ignorance of Catholic things among the English—even among those who thought themselves best instructed—that a priest did right to feel that he could not tell of a prospective convert what he or she would or would not know and was justified in acting on an assumption of ignorance.

When the *Development* was published its reception among Catholics was generally favourable. After some hawing Wiseman refused even to read it for censorship, but before 1846 was passed Knox had reported to Newman that it had been attacked by American Catholics—particularly by Orestes Brownson, who had found it 'essentially anti-Catholic and Protestant', and Newman, though he had as yet nothing definite of which to complain, was beginning to feel a certain wind of criticism in Rome and to fear the identification of his theory with the probabilism of Hermes, which had been condemned.

Brownson's criticism was insensitive and perverse, but one can see the plausibility of the argument which was many years later to lead Huxley to say that he could compose a grammar of infidelity out of Newman's works and Dean Inge to hail Newman as the true founder of modernism. Newman's mind was still dominated by the Anglican controversy. Such letters as those in his volume to Mrs Lockhart and Henry Wilberforce are brilliant expositions of the thesis that the Church must be one and that a theory which speaks of a divided Church cannot of its nature be true. Similarly, since the Church must also of her nature be one over the ages, newly defined doctrines not so much demonstrably as logically must be the development of apostolic traditions. It is all dazzlingly cogent debating in favour of a Catholic as against an Anglican position. But of course it certainly does offer an opportunity to the sceptic to say: 'This may prove that Rome has a better case than Canterbury. But does not the fact that learned men have to spend so much ingenuity in explaining away what are at least apparent anomalies in their various religious positions make it more probable that there is not anywhere a Church which fulfils Christ's requirements? And if, as you say, it was the most certain act of Christ's life that He founded such a Church against which the gates of hell should not prevail, and, if

the gates of hell have prevailed, is not the most probable explanation that Christ's claims about Himself are not true? You say, How can we know Christ without the Church? So. If then the Church has failed, Christ has failed.'

Newman's answer to that charge was of course that the difficulties were there and had to be faced. It would have been much more convenient if all Christians by a life of self-evident sanctity had made clear to all the world their superiority over all non-Christians. Unfortunately that was not the way that things were. It would have been much more convenient if Christ had left the exact definition of his nature so crystal clear that there had been no room for the Aryan or any of the other controversies. Unfortunately again, that was not the way that things were. There were inconvenient facts. The world knew them. They had to be faced. It was no good evading them by some trite textbook answer that carried no conviction save to those who were already converted. There were difficulties. Truth and faith could only be reached by striking a balance between the facts that made for one conclusion and the facts that made for another.

Newman, coming from his Oxford world, had no alternative but to approach problems in this way through reasoned argument. Most people would today, I fancy, agree that the Church, if she is to conquer the modern world, has no alternative but to approach them thus. But in the 1840s there were still many Catholics who thought that no good could come of such an approach at all. The battle of the Reformation had been settled by the formula of *cuius regio eius religio*. It was true that those who thought about such a formula must inevitably be led to cynicism and scepticism. For, whatever the test of ultimate truth, the whim of a secular prince could not be its test and the only conclusion of the formula was that nobody really knew much about these ultimate truths, so it did not very much matter what people professed. They had better profess something for the sake of public order. Let us all stay where we are and not make too much of converts. It was an attitude that was just tolerable so long as those who held it did not think. Thinking inevitably exposed its insufficiency, and the objection of his critics to Newman was not really so much that his ideas were bad as that he had ideas at all. He writes to Lord Adare: 'Very few persons are critics nowadays. Roman divines are generally nothing beyond accurate dogmatic teachers—and know little of history or scholarship.'

Entering into a world with which he was unfamiliar, Newman did not know what to expect at Rome. The volume ends with Newman trembling on the verge of his first discovery—the discovery that, though verbal assent was given to the belief that the Catholic view was reasonable, there were many Catholics who were firmly convinced that no good could come out of reasoning about it—that the real battle was not whether his apologetics were right but whether he was right to have any apologetics at all. We see the first preliminary shots in that battle in this volume. It was a battle that was not to be finally won until Leo XIII was on the throne.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

By JAMES H. CALDERWOOD

TIME is measured by change. If we judge the passage of time by change in attitude towards science and technology not very much time would seem to have elapsed between Cicero, who said that no gentleman would be found in a workshop, and the twentieth-century headmaster of a great public school who declared that it was out of the question that chemistry should ever be taught there.

Things have changed since then. We are now living in the period of the most rapid scientific and technical development that has ever existed. Robert Oppenheimer has claimed that in the nineteenth century the sum of human knowledge was doubling about every half century, whereas today the doubling time is between eight and eleven years. Even if one does not know quite what is meant by this assertion it must be agreed that it offers no affront to common sense.

The most striking advances have been in physical science, and it is towards these advances that public attention has been mainly directed; they need no recounting here. Perhaps less obvious is the way in which technology has changed its character. The old technology was essentially developed from the crafts, but the technology of our times has its origin in scientific discovery; it is characterized by its enormous vigour and acceleration. New

devices are too numerous to mention. Communication and travel have changed tremendously and power has become available in unprecedented amounts, though largely at the cost of capital fuel reserves.

All this has led to the demand for more and more young people to study science and technology; the days of Cicero and the headmaster seem a long time ago. Some rough idea of the rate of growth may be obtained by the consideration that the number of young people in schools studying scientific subjects up to G.C.E. advanced level approximately doubled between the years 1948 and 1958 and it is expected to double again before the end of the present decade. The growth in the numbers studying science and technology at university level is about of the same order.

This sort of precipitous change brings problems. Charges are made that scientific education is in some way narrow, that scientists are illiterate, that in some deep sense they are not really educated. Sir Charles Snow's 1959 Rede Lecture triggered off a spate of discussion about the drift into the Two Worlds; people became very concerned about the long awkward silences at the High Tables. Although much of the discussion has not risen above the cliché level, with regular tributes to the 'cultural value of the humanities' and 'the vital importance of science and technology in the world today', it would be well to examine whether it is in fact centred around some core of truth.

Certainly in England and America today there is strong and growing belief that the education of scientists and engineers should in some way be broader than it has been in the past. The argument is that many complex forces are a function of scientific and technological development and that those responsible for these developments should be able to deal with these forces effectively, or at least to understand them. Students, as soon as they start their working career, will be concerned with economic, political, psychological and social factors, and their studies should be a preparation to meet them. In consequence, in America about 15 per cent of the time of undergraduate students in science and technology is often given over to what are called 'humanistic-social studies', and in England, in the colleges of advanced technology at any rate, the same sort of thing is happening. It is therefore of interest to try and assess the validity of this point of view.

If one is to attempt to remedy the defects of scientific education it would be well to examine the nature and characteristics of

that kind of education. Perhaps the chief and outstanding characteristic of scientific education, particularly in the physical sciences, is the intense training in rational processes which a budding scientist or engineer receives. Physical science is a closely knit logical structure and it is inevitable that this sort of training will receive very great emphasis. There is therefore a real danger that the student will become in a sense unbalanced in that he will exaggerate the importance of things that can be seen and measured.

This can result in a loss of that insight which should operate along with the more rational thought processes, and which serves to complement them. It is this sort of sensitive perception into the meaning of things which has brought about some of the major advances in science. Indeed it is perhaps necessary for it to be brought into play for any really bold leap forward at all. By a kind of direct intuition the facts as known at the time suddenly are seen illuminated from a new angle so as to form a picture charged with new and forceful meaning.

It is really this kind of insight which allows us to see the beauty in art and nature. Without it we would lose aesthetic sense, and fail to be moved by any of the wonder and mystery of the world about us. Its loss therefore means that not only would a scientist be a lesser scientist—he would be a lesser man. Albert Einstein has written: 'The most beautiful and the most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead.' Perhaps W. S. Gilbert had such a one in mind when he wrote: 'For him that's scientific there is nothing that's terrific in the falling of a flight of thunderbolts.'

If this loss of insight is indeed the main danger in scientific education, we can now consider the extent to which it is guarded against by the inclusion of humanistic-social studies. One function of such studies is to make the students better engineers or scientists in a technical sense; for example, a good command of English is necessary because he needs to communicate his ideas to others. A foreign language is valuable because much technical information appears in languages other than English. If he is going to be concerned with marketing or sales a knowledge of economics is obviously going to be a help, while if he is going to control personnel a knowledge of the problems which arise in labour relations should be useful. From this point of view it seems reasonable to

regard such studies as a somewhat less technical branch of the student's scientific and engineering training. A separate function of humanistic-social studies is to broaden the education of the specialist. At some institutions a study in depth of a discipline remote from science and technology is involved, whereas at others a more superficial survey type of course covering a wider area is preferred.

The question is whether any of these courses really do protect students from the major danger of specialized scientific and technological training, namely, the overburdening of their minds with a great weight of factual rational matter? Do they preserve the sensitive perceptive outlook which is necessary for them as scientists and as men? It may well be doubted whether this is the effect of including in an already overcrowded curriculum more courses involving more facts and more deductions and inferences from these facts, even though these facts are the events of history and the conclusions relate to the lives of men. It is in truth all too easy to bring to bear on these studies the same rational part of the mind that is the part already nourished so well, and to leave with a personality as narrow and unbalanced as before. In the worst cases the only new acquisition may be another notebook filled with some more data.

Of course it is good for everyone to have some knowledge of history. This, together with the knowledge of other subjects, such as geography, literature, and so forth, forms that body of general knowledge which is part of the impedimenta of the educated man. However, there are very strong arguments to show that this general knowledge should be acquired in school before the student proceeds to university. The quantity of specialist work which the student must cover before he can graduate is growing all the time and new branches of knowledge are constantly appearing, so that there is already a very heavy demand on time at university.

The effect of all this is that in some quarters there is a demand for undergraduate courses to be lengthened from three to four years, a suggestion which at the moment is rather impracticable due to space limitations in universities and colleges. Furthermore, advanced degrees, once thought of as rarities, are now becoming more like necessities if a career is being sought in research or in the academic world. All this means that before the student can go and earn his living he is almost in sight of his old age pension: before he has left the cradle he is half-way to the grave.

The argument would therefore seem to be sound that if we can give the student a good groundwork of general knowledge in school, and so save some time in university, we should by all means do so. Furthermore, such courses are by now about the only ones which many schools can manage to give. The reality of the situation is that a sufficiency of properly qualified scientists is simply not available for teaching in schools, nor will this circumstance change in the foreseeable future. The conclusion is that if a good basis of general education is laid in school, specialization should occur in university and humanistic-social studies should not be undertaken, except for the very few courses which may be required as part of technical training. Clear-cut specialization should occur at university.

The question may now be raised as to whether such specialization at university adversely affects the preservation and development of a sensitive and perceptive attitude of mind, possessed of that insight which has been spoken of earlier. It would seem very unlikely that this should be the case, because this attitude is not really nurtured by the absorption of more information, even of a humanistic-social sort; rather does it grow in leisure for which the student needs free time. The student needs to look about him and in a real sense to absorb what he sees: he needs time for reflexion so that he will get to know and appreciate the world directly instead of learning another set of facts about it. We must avoid the fallacy that the student cannot learn about anything unless he has a course in it.

Free time is the all-important thing. The college that stands the best chance of producing a really educated and valuable scientist or engineer is the one that has the self-control to leave him alone for a little time, and can provide him with the right atmosphere in which he can quietly grow in wisdom: 'The wisdom of a scribe cometh by his time of leisure and he that is less in action shall receive wisdom.'¹ In this sense the college has a passive role to play. Opportunity and encouragement for the student to engage in activities and recreations outside his specific field of study should be expected to come from within the student body itself. In so far as any organization may be required this is, in general, the business of the Students' Union, not of the university staff. The university should not be engaged in giving self-conscious 'culture courses' with compulsory student attendance.

All attempts at broader education should be judged by the

¹ Ecclesiasticus xxxviii, 25.

criterion of whether they will really result in a more lively perception and in a deeper wisdom. This is not to be confused with the acquisition of more knowledge, even of the humanistic-social sort. The distinction has been well drawn by Cowper: 'Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oft times no connexion. Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men, wisdom in minds attentive to their own.'

Far more important than the effect of any humanistic-social studies is the effect which the general atmosphere of the university has upon the students, and members of university staff play an important part in creating this atmosphere. It is clear that they must be technically excellent so that there will be nothing second rate about the specialist training which the students receive from them, but they must also be men of lively wisdom and deep insight who have humour and charity in dealing with those around them. Their personalities have a bigger effect on the student than formal 'culture courses' can ever have. Together with specialist training, we seek to communicate, not general knowledge, but a vivid outlook on life, and students are quick to detect the outlook of those guiding them. For whatever we may be saying or doing, our basic attitude is all the time being betrayed by a look or a gesture, a word spoken or left unsaid. Culture is a will-o'-the-wisp which, the more it is chased, the more elusive it becomes: but if we are in the company of those who possess it, suddenly one day we have it too.

The main factor which is antagonistic to full education in the modern university is that the student does not have sufficient time to himself. To a large extent the same thing is happening inside the university as outside in the world: outside life is being lived at an ever increasing tempo, and inside the pace is getting just as frenzied. So much has to be packed into the specialist curricula that any gap in the student's timetable is quickly the target of envious eyes whose owners regard it as space to be filled in by another course. Professors, like nature, abhor a vacuum. Engineering students find that their vacation times are being increasingly encroached upon in the name of works experience, and certain courses are even designed so that almost the whole of each year is spent working either in college or in a factory. Are these recognizable as undergraduate days, which should be an island of freedom in between the slavery of school and the slavery of earning one's living?

The same atmosphere of haste pervades the life of members of staff. They should be men of wide vision, but often their field of view is completely filled by the whirling grindstone to which their noses are assiduously pressed. In order to earn the esteem of the scientific establishment, and incidentally to secure their promotional prospects, they must accumulate the currency of academic success. This currency is quite literally a paper currency: it consists of the published papers containing the reports of their original research work. What a euphemism this phrase so often is! Like other paper currencies this one may often be somewhat inflated. Nevertheless, it can usually be passed off as the real gold somewhere or other; when the time comes for this transaction the lecturer knows that despite all lip service to the contrary his publications, not himself, will be weighed in the balance, and, he hopes, not found wanting.

'The wisdom of a scribe cometh by leisure.' Are these lecturers likely to become, or remain, the sort of men that the students will benefit by knowing? Even from the narrow point of view of technical training the staff have every encouragement to skimp their work with undergraduate students because they know that they will get no recognition for it. To offset these disadvantages there is no counterbalancing good. Those members of staff who are interested enough would do original creative work anyway. As for the others, they are merely encouraged to swell the pages of the less-important journals with indifferent material.

The churning out of unworthy research is bad enough but the mass-production of ill-prepared students is worse still. With the constant clamour about the needs of the nation for scientists and technologists it becomes all too easy to think in terms of manpower and not in terms of men. Industry is becoming more closely associated with engineering education and this perhaps brings with it a tendency to apply the criteria of industrial production to the process of education. Industry demands something concrete for its money and rightly so; if the sort of general attitude and discipline appropriate to a university were transplanted in a large scale way to industry, financial bankruptcy could confidently be expected. But it should also be realized that if the restrictions and disciplines suitable for industrial production are placed upon universities and colleges in the name of efficiency, that intellectual bankruptcy will follow just as surely.

To a person used to the orderly proceedings of industrial

production the university situation may seem chaotic, even shocking, and the common reaction is to think that it needs organizing to improve its efficiency. Nothing could be further from the truth, for it is only in the soil of this seeming anarchy that the best intellects can take root, grow and be strengthened, and finally give of their best in a fruitful maturity. Routine merely breeds routine.

The all-important thing for universities and colleges is that they maintain their freedom, and for this reason it is important that they should not get too beholden to industry; no academic institution should find itself under the control of non-intellectual forces, no matter how well-intentioned these forces may be. Industry rightly thinks in terms of getting a job done, of its requirements for man-power, and man-power trained in a certain way; but a university should think of educating a man as a human being to fulfil his destiny. It is true that industry is asking for broadly educated men, but by this they tend to mean people who will integrate smoothly with the norms of industrial life. Is he well adjusted?—Gets on with people?—A good mixer?—In fact, is he a Good Type? But often those who have contributed most to human thought have been awkward and difficult people and it is up to the university to put intellectual excellence first, no matter what premium may be placed on conformism outside. University and college staffs themselves should be of strong independent character and not just docile yes-men. Underlying all their other characteristics there should be a latent mutinous streak making them quick to rebel if their liberty is threatened from any quarter whatever for no matter what high-sounding reasons.

It is probably true to say, however, that engineering and the applied sciences have not been given their fair share of attention in universities in this country in the past. There is an attitude which is akin to snobbism which pretends that no problems worthy of the attention of a serious intellect are to be found in these fields. This is manifestly untrue, but the fact that it has gained currency has kept many of the best brains away from working in them. It is this attitude which may well be responsible for Britain's notorious slowness in technological fields. In America, where the attitude does not exist, neither does the backwardness, though of course it would be quite wrong to pretend that this is the whole explanation. However, it may well be a significant part of it, and, if so, our universities must take a large share of the blame.

Universities are also often blamed for not producing graduates

who are useful more or less immediately to industry. Their feet are off the ground, and, perhaps in consequence, their heads are in the clouds. This sort of objection is, in fact, quite misguided. Universities should be aiming at doing more than producing a graduate with an ability to play his part in the existing framework of science and engineering. He must, in fact, be equipped to deal with the problems of the future, to modify and extend the framework itself. Universities and colleges should be aiming at producing graduates who will originate and guide a science and technology hardly predictable at the present time. Courses should therefore be planned to produce graduates who can think for themselves and who have a sound knowledge of basic principles. Since their career may last about forty years, a consideration of the developments which have taken place over the past forty years, and which are liable to be far surpassed by the developments of the next forty years, shows that a mastery of present-day techniques is not enough. Universities and colleges should go on placing more value on the mastering of fundamentals than on the acquisition of techniques: the first will be of lasting value, but the latter will soon be outdated.

Yet the whole tendency over the past few years, both in this country and in America, has been for a shift towards vocational studies. A larger proportion of students are studying engineering and a smaller proportion are studying pure science. Provided that the engineering courses are aimed at fundamentals and at a deep understanding of the engineering science likely to underlie future developments, then there is nothing to be alarmed about in this; indeed strong arguments in favour of it could be adduced. However, if under pressure from the 'useful at once' school the courses become directed towards the acquisition of technique rather than towards the understanding of basic science, then we would be treading a dangerous road. This needs saying even if one thereby runs the risk of being thought of as a long-haired resident of an ivory tower hell-bent for the middle ages.

Scientific and technological advancement is liable to come from those who are of good intelligence and who have a clear understanding of fundamental science, and who have preserved a balanced mentality with adequate vision and insight. Numbers of students taking physical sciences and allied subjects should not be unduly increased at the expense of other disciplines. Too great a proportion of the best brains should not drift with the present

fashion into the physical sciences and engineering: it may well be that marked emphasis will shift to other areas, for example, to the biological sciences, during the next decade. Society as well as the individual needs educational breadth.

But so far from our having a truly educated society we have a society which has largely lost touch with truth and which is in consequence divorced from reality. Many people seem to think that happiness will come to those who seek it directly, and that it is the same thing as more money or more material goods. This leads to the current uncritical acceptance of the idea that technological advancement, provided that it is not used for destructive war, will necessarily lead to a sort of heaven on earth. One cannot be critical of this attitude when it springs from real want of the necessities of life, as is the case in so many parts of the world. But many people who are already living very comfortably seem to have forgotten that there is any purpose in life other than an endless chase after more wealth.

But science and technology are not ends in themselves, but rather provide a powerful means to an end; and the end can be good or bad. Long ago Plato¹ wrote:

It is not the life of knowledge, not even if it includes all the sciences, that creates happiness and wellbeing but a single branch of knowledge—the knowledge of good and evil. If you exclude this from the other branches, medicine would be equally able to give us health, shoemaking shoes, and weaving clothes. Seamanship would still save life at sea and strategy win battles, but without the knowledge of good and evil the use and excellence of these sciences will be found to have failed us.

The mark of the educated Christian is that he knows that there are things which are unchangeable and absolute. To him have been revealed the unmeasurable truths which give meaning to the measurable facts with which he is in daily contact as a scientist. His Christianity allows him to glimpse something of ultimate reality, and because he thereby sees more of truth he should be a better scientist. And it is important for him to become a better scientist, because this is his special means to enable him to become a better Christian.

It is lack of understanding of this basic unity in being a good Christian and a good scientist that has been the cause of so much suspicion in the past, and helped to bring about the creation of

¹ *Charmides*.

those earlier Two Worlds, Science and Religion. It is up to the Christian to show how meaningless this division is; as a working scientist, he must accept science's own terms, not as an expedient, but because they are the appropriate terms for him, as for any other scientist. He will not seek to baptize his science as something which is somehow otherwise unrelated to his life as a Christian; his science and Christianity are already inextricably woven together, and no artificial attempts to create links between them are necessary. He will gladly work in harmony with other scientists of any religious belief or none at all, a member of the scientific community with no hidden reservations: the work itself is his means of sanctification. We are told in Ecclesiasticus of the craftsmen, perhaps the technologists of their day, who worked 'with the noise of the hammer in their ears, and without whom a city is not built'. What was true then is true now as always: 'They shall strengthen the state of the world: and their prayer shall be in the work of their craft, applying their soul, and searching in the law of the Most High.'¹

THE DEVIL'S HUNTING GROUND

Some Reflexions on Morality

By NEIL MIDDLETON

I FEEL that my title, 'The Devil's Hunting Ground', needs some kind of comment. It is certainly not a self-explanatory title. I want to talk about morality, and the trouble is we all think we know what we mean by this word, and in some sense it is true that we do know what we mean, and we know it so well that I think we are in serious danger of forgetting that other people do not have our kind of knowledge. In point of fact, I think that moral theology in recent times has restricted morality far too much and that it has a wider application than we normally give it. In this

¹ Ecclesiasticus xxxviii, 39.

paper I want to point to the way in which we should be thinking about morality and the way in which we find other people forming moral judgements.

When we are examining what people make of a statement like 'I ought to do thus and so' we can see that there is a considerable amount of confusion. It is the arena, the ground, in which the devil can hunt most profitably. The saw, 'The road to hell is paved with good intentions' has a terrifying and real meaning, but not, I think, the one which is usually ascribed to it. I hope that the real meaning of this saying will become apparent as I go on.

I will take as my starting point an observation made by G. E. Moore in a paper he delivered to the Leicester Philosophical Society in the early part of this century. He distinguishes two kinds of Moral Philosophy thus:

... we all understand roughly what is meant by morality. We are accustomed to the distinction between moral good and evil, on the one hand, and what is sometimes called physical good and evil on the other. We all make the distinction between a man's moral character, on the one hand, and his agreeableness or intellectual endowments, on the other ... no less clearly we distinguish between the idea of being under a moral obligation to do a thing, and the idea of being merely under a legal obligation to do it. It is a commonplace ... that we are morally bound to do and avoid many things, which are not enjoined or forbidden by the laws of our country; and it is also sometimes held that, if a particular law is unjust or immoral, it may even be a moral duty to disobey it—that is to say that there may be a positive conflict between moral and legal obligation; and the mere fact that this is held, whether truly or falsely, shows, at all events, that the one idea is distinct from the other.¹

The second kind of moral philosophy he describes as being concerned with ideas which are not moral ideas in this common sense at all. He goes on:

The particular moral idea which I propose to pick out for discussion is the one which I have called above the idea of moral obligation—the idea of being morally bound to act in a particular way on a particular occasion. But what is, so far as I can see, precisely the same idea is also called by several other names. To say that I am under moral obligation to do a certain thing is, I think, clearly to say the same thing as what we commonly express by saying that I ought to do it, or that it is my duty to do it. That is to say, the idea of moral obligation is identical with the idea of the moral 'ought' and with the idea of duty.

¹ G. E. Moore, *Philosophical Studies* (Routledge and Kegan Paul).

Now I give these two rather lengthy quotations because they establish what is common ground between Catholics and others who do not think as we do about morality. G. E. Moore will appear frequently in this paper. Together with Bertrand Russell he is to be regarded as a kind of founder of modern British philosophy. It is obvious, therefore, that it is important to see what he makes of moral philosophy. But first I want to make some general observations about the way in which we think about morals, and the kind of impact upon our moral world that is produced by the world of science.

From time to time most of us play the game 'What I would do if I had such and such powers'. With Catholics it takes the form of 'What I would do if I were Pope', or even simply, 'The bishops ought to etc.', it forms an excellent substitute for reforming zeal and saves us an immense amount of wear and tear. But of course it won't really do as a substitute even if it is effective as a palliative. Our mission as Christians demands that each one of us should have his share of reforming zeal, that moral rectitude should be accompanied by the right sort of moral righteousness. Moral judgements are demanded of us and action upon these judgements is essential if we are to save our souls. Here we are immediately faced with the fact that a certain amount of information is necessary before we can pass the kind of judgement demanded of us. It is not simply enough to know *the facts* of the situation facing us; that we need to know those goes without saying. We need also to have a very clear grasp of the principles *by which* we are going to judge. Many Catholics feel that these are sufficiently clear; we have the Ten Commandments, subsumed in the Two Great Commandments, we have the whole history of the Church's moral teaching to support us, and relying on the truth of the Church's doctrinal teaching it often seems enough for us to say of any given moral problem 'The Church says thus and so'. This attitude all too frequently hides a certain kind of laziness, a dependence on the judgement of the clergy in spheres where there is no reason to suppose that their judgement is necessarily any better than our own, and a tendency to pass by on the other side when what seems to us the answer is not accepted. Often it results in our failing to realize that there is a moral problem involved at all. Public morality, that is the morality of our social relationships, political organization, social welfare and so on, is commonly regarded as simply a 'matter of opinion' into which moral precepts enter only

peripherally if at all. When this attitude is pushed to an extreme its absurdity is clear. I think immediately of the kind of morality which allowed the Catholic vote to carry the day for Hitler in Bavaria.

In other words, we must widen our concept of morality to make it include, not simply the rule which governs *my* relationship to God, or *my* relationship within a given society to my immediate neighbour, but the rule by which it is possible to see that this or that society is 'good' or 'bad' or that within that society there are 'good' or 'bad' situations. I want to draw a parallel between the ordering of our lives in the Church and in the world. It is a commonplace that we are saved not as individuals, but as a community, that Christ comes to us not simply as individuals but as to the community which forms His Mystical Body. In Heaven we shall enjoy the Beatific Vision because of our membership of, and justification within, that community, and that while we retain our individuality or identity, it is as members of Christ, as a community, that we shall see God face to face. It is also obvious that the conversion of our milieu spoken of by St Paul, the divinization and transformation of this world which is taking place in these last times that are now present, is taking place because of the presence to this world of God in *His people*. The transformation, so to say, the building of the Kingdom of Heaven is the process of merging the community of God with the community of the world, to the point where the latter has been entirely taken up into the former. It follows from this that *all* our relationships in this world are subject to this process of divinization and are therefore the concern of our moral judgements. It is a matter of bringing to bear upon the actual situation with which we are faced a true appreciation of what is involved in our membership of Christ. It is not enough simply to bring others safely within the fold, we have to take the truth out to them *and* to see what there is of value to the Kingdom of God, what really belongs to the Kingdom, in the community of the world even where it appears to be outside it.

Bearing these principles in mind, it is easy to see that the realm in which we must exercise our moral judgement is limitless. But it is equally easy to see that while *we* might accept the truth of these propositions others don't. For most of our contemporaries the moral world of St Paul is meaningless; I say meaninglessly advisedly, they do not think it is false, but simply without meaning. The problem facing us is then twofold. There is the all-important mission of bringing Christ to the world, and the secondary but still

vitaly important work of making our moral judgements meaningful to others. In short we have to make certain that they are not dismissed as irrelevant. We cannot afford to pass by on the other side, because these are Christ's brethren too and to retreat into our little private world of rightness is to lose our sense of Christian mission. We are called upon not only to make a careful examination of what the non- or semi-Christian holds to be right or wrong, but to see that we understand our own moral categories rightly. My purpose in this essay is to examine the categories used by others and to see how far they fit with our own.

We constantly hear this age called the 'age of science'. I am never quite certain what this means; if it simply means that ours is an era in which science has advanced to a point where its findings are of immense importance then the phrase can be allowed to stand unquestioned. But I think the situation is far more complex than that. To over-simplify a little—it is usually possible in any era to identify what one might call the prophetic ascendancy. The culture of Europe's Middle Ages was largely formed by some sort of theological expression, the Renaissance by a certain kind of philosophy, the Enlightenment by another and so on. Obviously this kind of generalization won't bear too close a scrutiny, but whether it is true or not, it is largely *thought* to be true, and given the failure, apparent or otherwise, of the Church, the world is looking for, or perhaps has found, other prophets. For many people these prophets are the scientists, and here I think is the true meaning of the phrase 'the scientific age'. In a sense this is eminently reasonable, most people know nothing about music but know what they like, and many of them can use Linguaphone records to teach themselves another language, but science has a shiny aura of mystery, and produces results. The white coat and the cyclotron are the trappings of the new priesthood. Men of brilliance and talent are becoming scientists where in earlier time they would have been philosophers, theologians, or what have you. Men of brilliance have always been worth listening to whenever they have anything to say, whether it is about their own subject or something quite different. But what is peculiar to this situation now is that a claim is being made that scientists *qua* scientists have something of importance to say about the way things should be. C. H. Waddington, whatever may be his qualifications as a scientist, speaks eloquently for this position:¹

¹ C. H. Waddington, *Scientific Attitudes* (Penguin Books).

Up to the present, the collaboration of scientists in the general cultural activities [by which he means the formation of our cultural milieu] has been very flimsy. They have mostly been content not to challenge the verdict passed on science many years ago by the entrusted incumbents . . . of ancient professorships: that science is 'stinks' and has nothing to tell the humanities.

He then elaborates on his idea of the scientists' collaboration in the formation of modern culture, and continues:

The contribution which science has to make to ethics, *quite apart from questioning its fundamental presuppositions* (italics mine), but merely by revealing facts which were previously unknown or commonly overlooked, is very much greater than is usually admitted. The adoption of methods of thought which are commonplaces in science would bring before the bar of ethical judgement whole groups of phenomena which do not appear there now. For instance, our ethical notions are fundamentally based on a system of individual responsibility for individual acts. The principle of statistical correlation between the two sets of events, although accepted in scientific practice, is not usually felt to be ethically completely valid. If a man hits a baby on the head with a hammer, we prosecute him for cruelty or murder; but if he sells dirty milk and the infant sickness or death rate goes up, we merely fine him for contravening the health laws.

I am not certain if he is right about this last point actually, but that does not matter. He is pleading for the cause of the scientist in matters of ethical judgement, and in these terms there is every reason to support his plea. Our lives are governed enormously by the way in which technology has advanced, and scientists are in a unique position to give us the added information not otherwise available to us in order that we might form our judgement of a given situation. The obvious example again is that of nuclear warfare. Apart from the horrifying example of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we could have no knowledge of what was involved without the information provided by working scientists or their publicists. But there is a very serious question posed by one clause in Professor Waddington's argument, the clause which reads '*quite apart from questioning its fundamental presuppositions*'. In an oblique way this is just what he does. He writes:

. . . the scientific outlook has its own appropriate intellectual approach to the fundamental problem of deciding which, of the numerous and varied ethical beliefs man has held, is the best. . . . Roughly, the argument is that men's ethical beliefs influence their actions,

and that one can observe these effects, and thus form a scientific theory as to the functions which ethical ideas fulfil in human life, just as one can form a theory of what function foods fulfil. Such a theory, I think, would have as its main thesis that the most important function of men's ethical beliefs, is to provide a powerful mechanism by which human evolution is carried forward. If that is so, those ethical ideas which are most satisfactory in helping man along the path of evolution could be judged to be 'the best', in exactly the same sense that 'the best foods' are those which most satisfactorily fulfil the needs of his normal growth and development.

At one sweep he has disposed of what we might call moral absolutes. There are, of course, as many scientists who would want to reject this view as there are those who would in some sense endorse it. My purpose is not to count heads but simply to show the way in which many people, scientists and others, are thinking. At the risk of labouring the obvious I want to point out the position in which the acceptance of such a thesis would land us. In order to conduct this enquiry honestly, one must put oneself in the position of people to whom revelation is meaningless, and who are unable to think in terms of the natural law. 'It is a truth universally acknowledged that', as Miss Austen would say, what cultural leaders are thinking today the rest of the world has a largely unthoughtout version of tomorrow. The cultural leaders I am concerned with are men like G. E. Moore, Karl Marx, Hegel or Rousseau. I think it is largely beyond dispute that the way in which these men thought about morality has produced in some form the modern non-Christian ethical ethos. It is never easy to identify accurately the ancestry of a commonly held view, but fortunately for our purposes this is unnecessary; we have only to observe that it exists. The remarks of Professor Waddington land us right back in the lap of G. E. Moore, with the answer to the basic question 'How do we decide what is to be right and what wrong?'. Waddington's answer is simply what will best serve the advancement of humanity, what fits in with man's evolution. The advancement of man being what one might call an 'Is situation' which will govern the formation of our 'ought' statements. This barbarous language is that of some modern philosophers, not mine. This answer is indeed very common, and, moreover, eminently reasonable if, and only if, we postulate a milieu which has no God. It is extremely difficult for us to remember that when we think in terms of good and evil, right and wrong, we are thinking always in the context of revealed religion. Each of us may have made the

prior decision that God is good, and that 'thus and so' is God's plan, but we are conditioned to make automatic judgements in the light of revealed truth. Of course this is as it should be when we are concerned to regulate our own moral conduct, but it will not do as a method of convincing others of our rightness or of the validity of our moral categories. We have to see that not only is it *possible* to make valid moral judgements without the apprehension of revealed truth, but that for many people it is normal. This may be a truism, but I feel that we tend to underestimate the force in the reasoning that has gone to make up such judgements.

First it is important that we should understand how it is that many people arrive at the idea that morality is independent of religion or even of God. Here I am indebted to an article in the April issue of *Mind* by Kai Nelson.¹ An amateur philosopher is a suspect creature, even more so than the amateur theologian; it is important that he leaves the serious work to the professionals. Therefore I will play here the part of a carrion crow and pick the meat from the bones of other people's work. Mr Nelson expresses the traditional argument as follows:

The statement 'God wills x' is not a moral pronouncement. Before we know whether we ought to do x, we must know that what God wills is good. And in order to know that what God wills is good, we should have to judge independently that it is good. That something God wills is good is not entailed by God's willing it, for otherwise it would be redundant to ask, 'Is what God wills good?' But this question is not redundant. 'God wills x' or 'God commands x' is not equivalent to 'x is good', as 'x is a male parent' is equivalent to 'x is a father'. 'God wills it but is it good?' is not a senseless self-answering question like 'Fred is a male parent, but is he a father?'. A moral agent must independently decide that whatever God wills or demands is good.

The argument has been raging about this position or something like it since Plato, and I don't want to enter the fray; it would be too like firing a popgun at Goliath. But it forces us back to the question 'How do we decide what is right and what wrong?' and, what is more important (as far as this paper is concerned), 'In what sense do we conceive the values good, evil, right and wrong, if we want to make these value judgements outside the realm of revelation?' Professor Waddington with his scientific approach would call them objective predicates. He would, I think,

¹ *Mind* (April 1961).

maintain that to say 'a is good' is to say that in certain circumstances a is better than b. In his essay on the 'Conception of Intrinsic Value',¹ G. E. Moore provides us with an example of this attitude. He is obviously arguing against this position and his example can be summarized thus: a and b are two types of men, or, if you prefer, two similar types of ape. To say that 'a is good' is similar to saying 'a is better than b', and to say this is simply to say that 'a is better fitted than b to win the struggle for survival'. In these terms 'good' or 'better' is an objective judgement because it depends on circumstances or the laws of nature; where these are different then it might be necessary to reverse the judgement in favour of b over a.

Professor Waddington would follow this by saying that the only way in which to make moral rules would be to establish empirically, as my earlier quotation from his work indicated, what is the greatest good for the greatest number, how best to effect the production of a balance of pleasure over pain in universal terms. As soon as it is put into these terms it can be easily seen that the theory simply will not hang together. If for no other reason it would fall to the ground because the kind of empirical observation Waddington has in mind cannot be conducted in a vacuum. It is simple to form what he calls a theory about the 'best foods' because if you feed a man on an unrelieved diet of strychnine he might die, and you would know that it is best for man's evolution not to do this. But if you want to find out about his tolerance of certain kinds of moral activity you have no such simple method of finding out if it works. It is important to postulate at least one working hypothesis before you start, and immediately you are faced with deciding which hypothesis of those available to you is good you must evaluate it; you must pass an ethical judgement of some kind before you can find out if it is ethical. In other words it is simply an argument in a circle. In many cases it is not until after the event that you could discover where the moral theory was leading you, so that empirical observation of the kind imagined by Waddington would largely be impossible.

We are, however, a stage further than we were when I first introduced Waddington's idea. We have seen that what he calls the objective view of value judgements will not do. Moore points out that people who maintain this view are concerned to produce a view of ethics which will stand as 'not subjective'. I have not

¹ G. E. Moore, *Philosophical Studies* (Routledge and Kegan Paul).

bothered to discuss the simple subjective view, for obviously that will do even less well than the one I have just outlined. We are left then with what Moore calls, as in the title of his essay, 'Intrinsic Value'. He defines it shortly thus: 'To say that a kind of value is "intrinsic" means merely that the question whether a thing possesses it, and in what degree it possesses it, depends solely on the intrinsic nature of the thing in question.' He means by the last clause 'depends solely on the intrinsic nature of the thing in question', two things at the same time. First, that what is one and the same thing and possessing that intrinsic value under one set of circumstances and at one time must also possess it under other circumstances and at another time. And further that it is equally impossible for it to possess this value in a different degree at a different time. He supports this by pointing out that if x and y have different intrinsic natures, it follows that x cannot be the one and same thing as y ; if, then, x and y can have a different intrinsic value, if and only if their natures are different, it would follow that intrinsic value must remain constant if identity is to be preserved.¹ I may say that I view this particular argument with a certain misgiving. I think that Moore may be pulling a fast one. The second thing he says in his definition is best conveyed in his own words—it is short enough for me not to bother with a summary.

... if a given thing possesses any kind of intrinsic value in a certain degree, then not only must that same thing possess it, under all circumstances, in the same degree, but also anything *exactly like it*, must, under all circumstances, possess it in exactly the same degree. Or to put it in the corresponding negative form: it is *impossible* that of two exactly similar things one should possess it and the other not, or that one should possess it in one degree, and the other in a different one.

Much of the rest of the essay is concerned with defining the kind of force that the words 'must' and 'impossible' have in these remarks. What he is maintaining here, of course, is a kind of internality of moral predicates. It would be foolish to suppose that Moore meant this in the obvious sense, for if he did we could not say of a man that he was good, if that same man later were to become evil. Nor could repentance be meaningful, because the converse would apply, and I do not think that this will do, unless it is to be maintained that in each of the sets of circumstances the man had in some sense assumed a new identity; this surely would

¹ G. E. Moore, *Philosophical Studies* (Routledge and Kegan Paul).

be very queer. A key to what he means might be found in the fact that he puts in a class with good, evil, right and wrong, predicates like beautiful and ugly. Whatever may be one's judgement of the Albert Memorial, to use the predicates beautiful or ugly of it expresses a kind of relationship between the thing itself and the world it occupies. It is obviously not true that beauty is only in the eye of the beholder. There is some sense in which beauty or ugliness can be predicated of the Albert Memorial even if it had been put out of our sight on top of the Albert Hall.

But can good and evil, right and wrong, be used in this way? The question has to be asked because it brings us to the root of our moral system and that of our non-Christian brethren. It cannot be true that the predicates right and wrong can be used as Moore uses them when defining intrinsic value. It is abundantly clear that the goodness or badness of my actions will depend enormously on the circumstances in which I perform them. The same would be generally true where one predicates goodness and badness of objects. It is very possible that I have failed to understand the class of things Moore is describing, but I don't think so.

Moore divides moral precepts into two kinds, not between negative commands and positive ones, between, that is, those governing sins of commission and those governing sins of omission. This he contends, rightly, is a very minor distinction, but between commands which in some way concern our actions, and commands which concern our feeling. He takes the Ten Commandments as a convenient list of such rules, and the tenth as a paradigm case of a Commandment which concerns our feelings. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, nor his wife, nor his servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.' His reason for maintaining that there is a difference between this and all other kinds of moral precept is that it is not normal for our feelings to be under complete control. He says:

I cannot, for instance, by any single act of will directly prevent from arising in my mind a desire for something that belongs to someone else, even if, when once the desire has arrived, I can by my will prevent its continuance; and even this last I can hardly do *directly* but only by forcing myself to attend to other considerations which may extinguish the desire.

It is clear that Moore has made the not uncommon error of confusing temptation with sin. But this is not important—it is

what Moore, and many others after him, make of this distinction that matters to us. It is a well-known proposition that is at least as venerable as Kant, that 'ought' implies 'can'. In other words it cannot possibly be true that you ought to do something unless it is also true that you could do it if you chose. With this in mind Moore points to the Commandments and says: 'It is probable that the vast majority of acts of theft have been acts which it was in the power of the thief to avoid, if he had willed to do so; whereas this is clearly not true of the vast majority of covetous desires.' How then are we to reconcile the fact that 'ought' implies 'can' with the impossibility of obeying the tenth Commandment. He concludes that we use the moral 'ought' in two different senses; the one in which the phrase 'I ought to have done so and so' implies that I could actually have done it had I chosen, and that it was my duty to do it; the second in which the phrase 'I ought not to have felt so and so' does not imply that it was my duty to avoid that feeling, but simply that it would have been my duty had I been able. And that, therefore, there are two sets of moral rules, which use the same language to mean two very different things. He gives names to the two types, the first he calls 'rules of duty', the second 'ideal rules'. Another of Moore's examples of 'ideal rules' is Luke vi, 27: 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that spitefully use you.' Of the four commands the last three are rules of duty, the first is an ideal rule, because love cannot be controlled in the way that the command implies. Again, this observation is based on faulty exegesis, but we can see clearly now what it is that Moore has done. There are two meanings for 'ought', two ways in which we can say of a given moral situation 'I ought to do thus and so'. Once again the idea of moral absolutes has been undermined. But this time the undermining is more subtle, and in order to see this we have to look closely at the mechanism by which we make moral judgments.

We talk quite a lot about natural law, and it is sometimes very difficult to see just what we mean by it. I don't want to worry about this problem now, but I do want to use St Thomas Aquinas' idea of the first principle of natural law which is that 'Good should be done and evil avoided'. This statement just by itself strikes us both as a cliché and as flat and uninformative. It needs a good deal of filling out and in order to fill it out we must look at the way in which this principle can be used. Here we have to cope with a

concept that has provided a great deal of difficulty in the past, I mean of synderesis. From the time of St Jerome onwards the meaning of this term has been subject to continual and serious debate and I don't want to become involved in its history, fascinating though this may be. I am indebted to Fr Eric D'Arcy's book *Conscience and Its Right to Freedom*¹ for my ideas and information on this subject. St Thomas accepted, with a few refinements, the definition given in St Albert the Great's treatise *Summa de Creaturis*. Fr D'Arcy's translation of St Albert's definition runs:

I hold that conscience is the conclusion reached by practical reason from two premises. The major of the syllogism is given by synderesis, which inclines us towards goodness by providing us with the general principle of goodness. The minor is given by reason, which applies the particular to the universal. The conclusion thus reached is conscience.

When St Thomas was trying to identify the nature of synderesis, and it is over this identification that much of the debate was waged, he described it as 'habitus'. Fr Anthony Kenny, after Wittgenstein, translates this as a 'skill'. There is, however, one serious objection to St Albert's definition. If this skill, this inclination towards goodness, simply provides us with the proposition 'Good shall be done and evil avoided' then it has not provided us with the major term for a syllogism, because it tells us nothing about the facts. It is the kind of proposition that is described as analytic and necessary. What we have to do is to see it as a purely formal principle which enables us to recognize and possibly help us to formulate the moral precepts which we can use as major terms. I hope that this brief explanation will show why it is that Moore's uses of 'ought' would, if accepted, undermine our ability to make right moral judgements, especially in the sphere of public morality. We only refer to what I might call the grammar of morals when we run into difficulties. The syllogistic construction that St Thomas had in mind is clearly not the normal way of making moral judgements but is a way that we have to use or at least we have to use something analogous to it when we are embarking on the painful process of extending the field of our morality. Once we accept Moore's notion that there is an 'ought' which means something less binding, or binding in a different kind of way from the one in which we normally use it, then it is no

¹ Sheed & Ward Ltd.

longer possible to demonstrate, in St Thomas's terms, the right moral conclusion. This is because in each case the minor term of our syllogism will be soft. That is to say it will be too indeterminate for us to be able to draw from it a solid conclusion. Further, there can be no rule for determining which 'ought' is to be used other than 'can I do it', and in case of temptation this is a notoriously unreliable criterion. To accept Moore's principle is surely to open the path to hell.

I hope now that the purpose of this essay has become clear. When we make simple moral judgements we do so automatically, referring only to the principles behind them when we get into difficulties, much as we only refer to grammatical rules when we get into difficulties in speaking a language. But it is clear that the scope of morality is far wider than it is often taken to be, and that we are called upon to exercise our judgement in spheres hitherto frequently neglected; we have not developed our ability to do this sufficiently in the realm of public morality, so it is necessary for us to refer to the principles by which we judge in order to make these judgements. We are involved in relationships, however, with many people whose way of thinking about moral problems differs considerably from our own. What I have tried to do is to point to some of the differing methods, I believe the principal ones, in order to show what kind of awareness we must develop, not simply of our own mechanism, but of other people's, so that we are prepared to justify our own position rationally, and to make our thinking relevant to the world in which we live.

THE PARIS OF VICTOR HUGO'S YOUTH

By ELIZABETH BELLOC

TO evoke Paris in the opening years of the nineteenth century you must visualize a city considerably less than half the size it is now. The narrow streets were cobbled with small square stones, possibly of the type first used at the order of Philippe Auguste when he could no longer tolerate the black mud

in the streets of his twelfth-century capital. But down the centuries the mud successfully survived the *pavé*. The Paris of 1804 was dirty, but it was of rare beauty with its comely buildings of the three preceding centuries. And among much which had survived from the Middle Ages there were still a number of timbered houses and about a dozen lovely Gothic churches of important size, three of them outside the city wall. For Paris was contained within the remaining sections of the wall of the Fermiers-Généraux, built in the reign of Louis XVI; and the 'Barrières' between their ornate pavilions controlled all the high roads entering the city. Between the wall and the city itself there were belts of semi-country, from which the white dusty roads led out into the real countryside.

The wall of the Fermiers-Généraux actually took in one quite considerable wood, the present Champs Elysées, its patches of woodland alternating with rustic eating-places and pleasure-resorts, not over-respectable, and retaining something of its eighteenth-century atmosphere, when it had been a haunt of lovers and tramps and refugees from authority. The line of the wall also included a village or two which once had lain well outside the fourteenth-century wall of Charles V, such as Clichy on the north, where a whole new quarter had been evolved in the eighteenth century. It was to a house in the Rue de Clichy that Madame Leopold Hugo brought her three little sons in 1804.

Victor, the youngest, born in Besançon in 1802, had begun his travels early, and the house in Clichy was his first memory of any settled home: perhaps not a good omen, because to this day both Clichy and the neighbouring Montmartre have a distinctly macabre atmosphere. But Victor always remembered the farm-like courtyard of the house, with its well and water-trough shaded by a big willow tree. Immediately above Clichy, outside the city wall, rose the steep bluff of Montmartre, rustic but sinister, with grassy slopes and copses, quarries and windmills, its little village of ill-repute grouped round the ruins of a twelfth-century convent.

Victor Hugo's early childhood proved the existence of some exceptional stamina in his constitution, to survive, as he did, the exceeding restlessness of his Breton mother, unhappily married to a general in Napoleon's Grande Armée. When Victor was only five she took her little family to visit their father in Italy, travelling over the Alps by diligence. When they returned to Paris, Madame Hugo, by then hoping to be finally separated from her husband,

settled in 1809 in a ground-floor apartment in the laicized Convent of the Feuillantines, on the southernmost edge of Paris. The convent was a noble seventeenth-century building, with large finely proportioned rooms, and that vast overgrown garden, '*profond et mystérieux*', which for ever after was to inspire the memory of the child who played there.

This district of Paris is still full of charm and character. The Impasse des Feuillantines was a short turning off the Rue St Jacques, Julius Caesar's arrow-straight north-south road which cut through ancient Paris, running from Soissons to Orleans, and on to Spain. The mediaeval city wall of Philippe Auguste had stood a little to the north of the district. With the invention of artillery the wall became obsolete and began to fall in ruins here and there while a seventeenth-century suburb grew up. Anne of Austria built two great convents there: the Val-de-Grâce, with its hauntingly lovely name, and the Feuillantines, of poetic memory.

In this Paris of the Empire there remained many laicized convents and monasteries, their huge gardens making leafy oases among the narrow streets, which echoed to the long chanting cries of the street vendors. The Feuillantines did not disappear till the mid-nineteenth century. The Val-de-Grâce, now a military hospital, still manages to shed a measure of mystery and romance over the whole quarter.

To the two youngest Hugos the Feuillantines was a paradise. They romped all day in the grassy spaces of the walled garden, shadowy with great trees. The beautiful dome of the Val-de-Grâce appeared over the high wall, and there was a ruined chapel in a remote corner. Victor and his brother Eugène invented a weird creature called the Salamander, lurking in the bushes and sadly afflicted in its hearing powers. It was nicknamed 'Old Deafy' and was covered with warts. A more attractive playmate, with a notably better complexion, was Adèle, the little dark-eyed daughter of their mother's friends, Monsieur and Madame Pierre Foucher. The boys would frighten Adèle by pushing her too high in the swing, or they would take her for a ride round the paths in a wheelbarrow.

As a child of ten Victor caught his first and last glimpse of Napoleon, who visited the Panthéon before his departure for Russia. The Panthéon is less than half a mile from the site of the Feuillantines, and the children may have joined the crowd un-

accompanied, because their mother, like most Bretons, was an ardent Royalist, and disapproved of Napoleon. Green was Napoleon's official colour; and, after the fall of the Empire, Madame Hugo, like many other Royalists, wore green shoes in the street so as to tread the hated colour underfoot. But later on her famous son was to reverse this opinion of the great Emperor.

In 1813 Madame Hugo moved down to the Rue Cherche Midi, a mile to the west, in the old quarter now known as the Sixième. She took an appartement opposite the beautiful eighteenth-century Hôtel de Toulouse, the seat of the Conseil de Guerre where Pierre Foucher was head clerk. The Foucher family had rooms in the building, above the curving *escalier d'honneur*. In spite of Napoleon's activities at the time, those were peaceful days in the Sixième, when the great chestnut trees of the Rue Cherche Midi were in bloom, and you could go about the quarter free of the twentieth-century menace of being run over at every crossing. It is still the haunt of scholarly and religious types. The huge seventeenth-century church of St Sulpice presides over the district, with its ugly eighteenth-century towers and its deep-toned bells with their profound note of prayer. Its famous seminary was for long the chief training-ground of the priests, and the feeling in the church faintly recalls what may have been the atmosphere of the Hebrew Temple in ancient Jerusalem. Close by is the formal but romantic garden of Marie de Medici's palace of the Luxembourg.

In this quarter Victor and Eugène received their earlier education; and as Adèle grew up into a disturbingly beautiful girl they both fell deeply in love with her. Poor, restless Madame Hugo moved several times, always in the same district. In January 1821 she made her last move but one, to a cottage in the Rue Mézières, leading out of the Place St Sulpice. Unable to remain there, or anywhere, she departed this life the following June, to the deep and sincere grief of her sons. She was buried in the neighbouring cemetery of Vaugirard, now closed and built over.

Victor, whose precocious genius was only just beginning to be recognized, spent the next year in extreme poverty in an attic near by in the Rue du Dragon, a narrow winding eighteenth-century street intact to this day. His love for Adèle was serious and profound; and having won by his Royalist poetry a pension from the generous and astute Louis XVIII, he was able to marry her at

St Sulpice in October 1822, the ceremony taking place at the Lady Altar in the apse, at the foot of Pigalle's mysterious statue and the lovely panels of Van Loo. He was twenty and she nineteen. By a grim ironic fate of contrast, a destiny of light and shadow which was to pursue Victor throughout his life, his much-loved brother Eugène actually went mad during the wedding feast at the Hôtel de Toulouse. Tragically in love with his brother's bride, he was never to recover his reason, and died under restraint fifteen years later. Victor's almost god-like joy at his marriage was darkened indeed by the macabre fate of his 'blond companion of the Feuillantines' whose sad ghost was to haunt him all his days.

But if the shadow was black, the light was pure gold. The first years of their marriage distilled for the lovers a deep and magical joy. They found a small flat in the Rue Vaugirard, where a baby daughter was born to them, the adored Leopoldine, child of profound joy, and later, of unutterable sorrow. Here first came to visit them the shy, awkward young genius Sainte-Beuve, whose love and friendship was destined to work havoc in their lives. Victor had won real fame by the time a son, Charles, was born to them, and in 1827 they had to move out of their cramped love-nest to find more room. They took the first floor of a house half a mile to the south-east, along the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, recently a country lane, which then wound its way through the semi-country of the city's southernmost limit. It was a recently built house in the Restoration style, with a long, many-windowed façade and a high-pitched roof, standing well back from the road, isolated in one of the chance open spaces of that happier time. There were two poplar trees in front of it, and Victor loved the sound of the wind in the leaves. There were also light-green feathery acacias, their branches touching the house. Hugo's young friends were in admiration at the new dwelling. 'I was shown your palace and its gardens' wrote the poet Emile Deschamps. A tree-bordered lane led up to the back of the house, where there was a pond in a large grassy space, and a door in a wall led through to the Luxembourg.

In this idyllic place Hugo was to know the last and most memorable phase of his married happiness. Long afterwards, a saddened Adèle referred to this time as 'my sweet and lovely years'. But she was often in real difficulties; and confiding in a woman friend she coined her celebrated phrase: '*Ah, que j'étais*

heureuse en ces beaux jours où nous étions si malheureux! Lucien Lambeau writes: '*. . . ce milieu, le plus vibrant, le plus glorieux, le plus pathétique de ceux qu'occupa l'écrivain. . .*'

Here a second little son, François-Victor, was born to them. And here Hugo wrote his famous play in verse, *Hernani*. Its successful production in a wave of wild publicity in 1830 consolidated the position he had already won at the head of the Romantic movement. But, alas, a strong realist movement was soon headed by the landlady of the house; and she eventually showed them the door. She lived on the ground floor and found unendurable the noise and disturbance caused by the poet's enthusiastic young friends and supporters. She could not spell her illustrious tenant's name, and two receipts for rent remain to us, one made out to 'M. Hugot' and the other to 'M. Ugo'. Evidently she did not wish to excel in any way whatsoever at the act of writing, which she considered a sort of crime; and she commiserated with Adèle on her husband's 'dreadful trade'.

It is typical of our century that this house of precious memory was pulled down at the beginning of the 1900's. The northern part of the Boulevard Raspail was driven over the site. The historic Abbaye aux Bois and the Hôtel de Toulouse were also destroyed to make way for the modern thoroughfare which is unanimously considered to be the most hideous boulevard in Paris: and this in competition with several remarkable runners-up.

At the Restoration the southernmost part of Raspail was already in existence, a wide semi-country road with the cheerful name of the Boulevard d'Enfer. It led up to the Barrière d'Enfer (still in existence), and was bordered with lanes and gardens where grew many of the ubiquitous acacia trees. Hugo loved to wander about there, and often sat writing under one of those trees which grew beside the road half a mile from his house. His great and early fame invested the tree with an aura of legend and it was lovingly spared years later when the district became overbuilt. A great block of ugly urban flats stands there now; but the architect built the block with a special enclave which half encircles the gnarled trunk and ever-young leaves of 'l'arbre de Victor Hugo'. It grows there to this day—precious remaining tree, against which the Gates of Hell have not prevailed.

Victor Hugo had one interest in the intense human affairs of the Paris of 1828, and another in the countryside which lay at his door. A few hundred yards south of the Rue Notre Dame des

Champs ran the Boulevard Montparnasse, constructed in 1760 to join the Invalides with the Observatoire, and beyond the boulevard stretched the open country. The wall of the Fermiers-Généraux had been finally demolished in 1823, but the Barrières remained. The Barrière de Maine stood where the Gare Montparnasse now stands. Here the high road from Brittany entered Paris. But though the road entered, the mail-coaches did not. For reasons of security all the mail-coaches from Brittany, and from Normandy too, had to go round to the northern entrance of the city at the Porte St Denis. Dickens has described for us the uproar attending the arrival and departure of the mails in all times and places, and this security rule must have further preserved the near-rustic quiet of Hugo's quarter. In the late afternoons he would walk far afield into the country, or, more often, through the neighbourhood of the Barrières, which he loved.

From the top of the hill of St Genèviève he would wander southward, downhill along the bizarre Rue Mouffetard, not greatly changed since then. This street runs a little over a quarter of a mile east of the Feuillantines. It is still one of the most fantastic streets in Paris, with its dilapidated centuries-old houses, its squalid secretive courtyards and passages, its queer pervading atmosphere of the past. It was once the ancient Roman strada along which the legions had marched on their journeys to and from 'The City', as Rome was always called. In Hugo's time it ran the whole two kilometres to the Barrière d'Italie, whence the country high-road led to Fontainebleau and onwards to the south. Even as late as the 1930's the old shop-signs nearly touched each other overhead across the narrow street, as they had done since the Middle Ages, obscuring the light of day. Within the Barrière d'Italie and the Barrière des Deux Moulins, Louis XIV's Boulevard de l'Hôpital ran eastward, and here the daylight of the human spirit was obscured by extreme poverty. In those days the whole population of Paris was well under one million, and the wild and abandoned types lived out by the Barrières and around the few exterior boulevards. Through the medium of his powerful imagination, with its inevitable overstatements, Hugo was to render these types immortal in *Les Misérables*. Writing long afterwards he sometimes looked back to the years before 1824, and one aspect of history flashes by in his glimpses of the gouty King Louis XVIII being driven in his coach at speed down the boulevard on his way to the royal château at Choisy-le-Roi. But for the

most part Hugo observed the comings and goings of the very poor, those whom want and misery had made desperate. He was aware of the vitality and originality which often accompanies extreme poverty, and of the completely uninhibited atmosphere generated by crime. In the high sphere of poetry, the successful throwing off of classical discipline and inhibition was the central inspiration of the Romantics; and by an ironic turn of the spirit of life the great poet was truly at home among the outcasts of the Barrières. Like most mystics, he loved places as much as people, and he describes these districts in detail: the mean streets and tumble-down houses; the wider roads with their elm trees, the narrow lanes between high walls; the sheds and shanties, the gardens and quarries. He recalls the innumerable white butterflies flitting in summer over the waste open spaces; and, in contrast, the grim atmosphere which permeated the ramshackle dwellings. Magician that he is, he calls up the past in that lost light of the early nineteenth century and fixed it for ever in his imperishable novel.

In our time the cinema has taken over something of this magic; and from 1912 to 1958 the noble idealistic story of *Les Misérables* has been successfully filmed as often as ten different times; on the last occasion with the great screen actor Jean Gabin in the heart-moving part of the convict hero, Jean Valjean.

If, from the Luxembourg Gardens, the wandering poet wanted to reach his adored Notre Dame, he would probably go by the narrow winding Rue de la Harpe, the chief road down to the river before the making of the Boulevard St Michel. It led through the celebrated 'Pays Latin', the university quarter, which was seven centuries old. There had been certain changes here even before the destruction caused by the Revolution, but there were mediaeval and sixteenth-century survivals, and the tangle of little streets was on the mediaeval plan. The humbler shops had no frontage, opening straight on to the street like little dark caverns. Those with a front had small-paned windows, plate-glass being not yet invented. There were no cafés as we know them now, with their great sheets of plate-glass; but all over Paris there were innumerable 'coffee-houses' of great comfort and elegance'. And there were countless taverns, to some of which was attached the name Bistro after the half-savage Cossacks of 1814 shouting the Russian word for 'Hurry up!'

The streets were without pavements; and in spite of some efforts at improvement, the drainage was primitive, the streets

and courtyards were dirty, and the whole town stank. Everyone, gentle and simple, took this for granted, because they had never known anything else.

Any wanderer today passing through the Rue Hautefeuille or the Rue de la Huchette will see the dilapidated walls and roofs of old Paris just as Hugo saw them. The houses had always been built high and grey above the cramped thoroughfares. The poet Wordsworth spent some months in Paris in 1791, during the Revolution; and he always kept a grim and eerie memory of the towering old house in which he had lodged on the Left Bank at that historic time. Later on, Napoleon forbade any house to be built higher than seventy feet, because of the lack of light and air in the lower storeys.

In the streets by the river the hard-working population would swarm around Hugo, the men in peaked caps, blouses and sabots, and the shrill-voiced women in long full dresses and frilled white caps, the ubiquitous street urchins running and whistling. Perhaps, in that unfashionable quarter, a discreetly accompanied and fashionably dressed woman would go by in a plumed and beribboned bonnet and full-skirted ankle-length dress in some bright colour, with the incipient puffed sleeves which were to become enormous a little later in the reign of Louis Philippe. But already the Restoration had brought back to women's fashions a decorum lacking during the Empire. And in the next reign the demure beauty of the women's clothes was to become a memorable element in the great charm of the Romantic era.

The street would echo to the cry of the water-seller with his two big wooden buckets on a yoke, his voice holding its own against the cries of an itinerant toy-seller and a knife-grinder, or a passing chimney-sweep. A country cart would go by, laden with vegetables or firewood, its iron-bound wheels making a deafening racket on the pavé. At some street-corner would sit a public scrivener, writing letters for the illiterate under a sign on a board overhead: 'Tombeau des Secrets'. Victor Hugo would make his way through all this, a short slender young man of twenty-six, in the charming clothes of the period—trousers strapped over the instep, a cut-away coat, and a high black silk stock. He had a huge forehead under wild locks of chestnut hair, and fine but somewhat sunken dark eyes, their intense expression looking inwards into a golden fog of powerful dreams. At this early time he still had the priggish look of a certain kind of spiritual ignorance,

sometimes to be seen on the faces of people who are too happy. Destiny was yet to bring him profound knowledge: but at a great price.

As the poet emerged into the Place de Petit Pont he would find a scene not unlike today's, even to its haunted atmosphere. The twelfth-century fortress of the Petit Châtelet, once bestriding the entrance to the bridge, had been demolished just before the Révolution, and a little way downstream the last houses on the Pont St Michel had been pulled down at the order of Napoleon. True son of the Revolution, Napoleon had carried out other demolitions. Over on the Right Bank he had had destroyed the Temple tower of mournful memories, to prevent any Royalist pilgrimages there. And he had had demolished the Grand Châtelet, the thick-walled towered fortress which had guarded the Pont au Change for a little matter of 800 years. Victor Hugo, destined to love and revive the Gothic world, inherited a city shorn in his early childhood of some of its Gothic magic. But the underground dungeons and torture-rooms had also been removed, which the humanitarian Hugo would regard with gratitude. Napoleon had also 'had a stab' at clearing out the famous Ville de Misère, the mediaeval network of ancient houses and alleys which had festered in the immediate neighbourhood of the Grand Châtelet through centuries of dirt and crime. But sunk in its picturesque squalor it successfully defied the new power in the world, and was to partly survive for another thirty years.

Near the Petit Pont there remained (and remains today) a group of high half-timbered houses near the ancient church of St Julian-le-Pauvre; and in the waste land alongside grew a big tree (a 'false acacia'—whatever that may mean), planted in the seventeenth century, and still there now, leaning on its crutch, the oldest tree in Paris. To the right, across the narrow arm of the silver river, rose the great grey mass of Notre Dame, her magnificent towers and flying buttresses soaring high above the cramped built-over Place du Paris and a packed rookery of ancient dwellings, which, in their changing forms, had clung to her skirts for the last 700 years. There were still no less than ten small parish churches among the tortuous streets and lanes of this island cradle of ancient Paris. The Ghetto was still *in situ*, and the twelfth-century house of Abelard was still standing on the Quai aux Fleurs. Over the Rue des Marmousets there still leant the dark gables of the house of the fourteenth-century

pastrycook who, actually and really, had sold pies made out of murdered human beings! Beneath the delicate loveliness of Sainte Chapelle, parts of the mediaeval palace and prison stood, as they do today, laden with memories of beauty and horror.

Most of this was doomed to change. But a considerable interval was yet to pass even before Viollet-le-Duc was to start the much-needed restoration of the great dilapidated cathedral, and there was yet no slender flèche rising from the transept roof, no brooding nineteenth-century demon gargoyles grimacing from the ledges high up. And down below, the many quays of the Seine were not yet continuous, but alternated with occasional little beaches of sandy mud and pebbles. Upstream the river was still free of the modern locks and weirs, so that it rushed through the city at a tremendous pace, undredged and unmanageable, swirling noisily around the stone supports of the bridges, threatening them with the violence which had frequently brought down into disaster the house-laden wooden bridges of the past.

As dusk fell the street oil-lamps were lighted and slung up on those ropes and iron wall-brackets which had done such macabre service for lynchings during the Revolution. Now the ropes were just beginning to be replaced here and there by chains. The smell of lamp-oil permeated the air. The street life was still noisy, but indoors '*au soir, à la chandelle*' many over-worked early risers were already thinking of bed. Incredibly, this Paris of 1828 was still in part the Paris of Ronsard. The drastic changes which lay ahead were as yet on the far side of a terrible epidemic of cholera, and two brief fierce revolutions. Nearly thirty years were to pass before the unimaginative Baron Haussmann, henchman of Napoleon III, would destroy the inspired Paris of the Romantics—to substitute the wide straight boulevards, the parks and squares, the dull uniform buildings of modern Paris. In the name of efficiency and hygiene (and a very pardonable anti-barricade mood) they would 'demolish the insanitary narrow streets when the old romantic Paris of Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue was swept away: dear filthy historical Paris, with its dark cobbled streets, its open drains, its oil-lanterns, its hunchbacks, its beggars, and its smells'. So dear, that it is said that the poet Théophile Gautier, Hugo's charming friend, actually died of grief at the changes made in their adored Paris. Alas, the prevalence of deformity among the poor, and the ghastly spectre of the Red Death, put an end to any argument that could have arisen on the subject. But though

Gautier had other things to die of at the time—over-work, the defeat of 1870, the privations of the siege—the clinical destruction of the magical city may well have supplied the final *coup-de-grâce*.

At this still-romantic date Victor Hugo's personal life was menaced by a private disaster much more imminent: his marriage was on the brink of that hidden break-up which was to bring down his accepted religious beliefs into ruin around him. Before very long, still unknowing, he will cross that violently racing river and set up his home on the Right Bank, never to live again among the idyllic scenes of his youth. For a little while we see him standing there in the ancient road beside the bridge. And like some obscure threat, the mist and the darkness are rising together around him as he turns to go home.

'MYTH CRITICISM' AS A HUMANE DISCIPLINE

By PAUL WEST

I

I CANNOT help thinking how the consolatory myths and disciplines evolved by pedagogues and intellectuals all evoke the big modern desk that Karl Rossmann's rich uncle gives him in Kafka's *Amerika*:

... there was also a regulator at one side and by turning a handle you could produce the most complicated combinations and permutations of the compartments to please yourself and suit your requirements. Thin panels sank slowly and formed the bottom of a new series or the top of existing drawers promoted from below; even after one turn of the handle the disposition of the whole was quite changed and the transformations took place slowly or at delirious speed according to the rate at which you wound the thing round. It was a very modern invention, yet it reminded Karl vividly of the traditional Christmas panorama which was shown to gaping children in the market-place at home, where he too, well wrapped in his winter clothes, had often stood enthralled, closely comparing the movement of the handle, which was turned by an old man, with

the changes in the scene, the jerky advance of the Three Holy Kings, the shining out of the Star and the humble life of the Holy Manger.

In the same novel that outrageous concept, 'The Great Nature Theatre of Oklahoma', repeats the motif, for Karl, 'in this almost boundless theatre', organized and financed by an invisible but powerful benefactor, is to accomplish miracles 'as by a celestial spell'. Kafka's trilogy of solitude has considerable bearing on the thought of our own time in which, perhaps, all intellectuals long for the 'celestial spell' which helps them to get things straight, to see life integrated and superb. But spell or no spell, the Myth critics look for something permanent and inspiring—much as Malraux in *The Voices of Silence* and *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg* tries to establish the continuing identity of man. They appear to dread the prospect of fragmentariness and the possibility that not only our own individual lives but even those of civilizations and nations are mere unintegrated chaos. They look for a beauty of sorts; a beauty, as Malraux would say, of recurring forms; and this they pit against the onset of possibilities. For what recurs comes to be a certain thing; what may or may not happen is best not considered. And it is in this respect that the Myth critics, turning a blind or at least a long-sighted eye to the manifold intricacies of everyday life, bring to mind the French existentialists.

Both groups, Myth critics and Existentialists, have a keen longing for perdurable formulas: archetypes, condemnation to freedom, the existence-essence process. Both have a disturbed awareness of life's possibilities: the one group dulls that awareness by dealing in large generalities, the other by taking it all out in such arcane theorizing as we find in Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*. But the acute anguish of the existentialists hits the Myth critics not at all, for Myth criticism is really an academic etiolation of the existentialist drama, and its practitioners stop short of overt personal disclosure. Nevertheless, the Myth of the one, the abstract formulas of the other, do to a large extent what Wallace Stevens said poetry should do: '... take the place of empty heaven and its hymns'. It was Stevens who spoke of '... the wonder and mystery of art, as indeed of religion' being in the last resort 'the revelation of something wholly other by which the inexhaustible loneliness of thinking is broken and enriched. . . .' This is close to the views of Arnold (the Eternal not ourselves), to Pater's evocation of the brain-sick mystic weary of spiritual self-reliance, to

Irving Babbitt's inner check, to Santayana's view of the moral function of the imagination and the poetic nature of religion. Along with the American national myths goes a capacity for intense personal rebellion—albeit on a merely theoretical level: myth-mindedness emerges as the subtlest revolt of all.

II

I think the persuasions of the Myth critics can be explained socially and historically. A decreasingly open society begins to assume the appearance of the alien continent; and, secession into the literary disciplines and the university being feasible, the liberal sensibility retreats, passionately eclectic and not a little self-obsessed. As Richard Chase says in his shrewd study, *The American Novel and Its Tradition*, American literature usually 'pictures human life in a context of unresolved contradictions—contradictions which, for better or for worse, are not absorbed, reconciled, or transcended'. Hence the eclecticism of the brahminpolymaths; thus it is that works obviously archetypal pre-empt critical literary attention. Reportage has little chance. As Mr Chase says:

Many readers have in recent years formed a distaste for works of literature which are radically involved with the dilemmas of our time and their place and which draw too directly on the reality and the moral contradictions of human experience.

Not that the Myth critics are evasive; at their best they have much in common with the school of Sartre. If they fail at all it is by virtue of their imaginative response to the truism that literature is the only means we have of living out a part of our lives intelligently. Outside books there are too many obstacles; inside them, perhaps, there are intoxicatingly, dangerously, few. Of course it is nothing new to deny that literature is mere reportage: Stefan Georg hammered away at reportage for the full career of *Blätter für die Kunst*; it is the idea of all romantic theories of art, and only recently Professor Michael Oakeshott has advanced an extreme form of it in his *The Voice of Poetry in the Conversation of Mankind* (1959). But what the Myth critics appear to seek is a kind of philosopher's stone which turns all conflict into golden myth.

On a popular level, the means of self-appraisal and self-understanding are abundant; and it is from a society mythologized in

terms of Ridden Persuaders, squatters in the House of Intellect, Organization Men, Status Seekers and the Lonely Crowd, that the Myth critic seeks to emancipate his elected discipline. Not in aversion so much as in an attempt to make truth homogeneous and universal—no less than an existentialist, with his doctrine of essence and existence; and sometimes no more lucidly than a Heidegger, arcane neologisms and all. The avidly interpreting mind emerges in many forms; but, fundamentally, Faulkner's *A Fable*, Eugene Vale's *The Thirteenth Apostle*, Mr R. W. B. Lewis's *The American Adam* and *The Picaresque Saint*, and the work of the Chicago Aristotelians, display the same motive, the same view of myth. The myth they envisage in common is one that enables us to live out our lives intelligently in the presence of a suggested pattern. Such a pattern we can invoke in trouble, and use to develop a sense of belonging and identity. Perhaps it is the mythical habit that fosters such phenomena as these: a national American weekly phones people to ask such questions as 'What Trends Will Guide Our Culture in the Coming Decade?' Messrs Auden, Barzun and Trilling gather before the TV cameras to discuss 'The Crisis in our Culture'. Broadway theatre goes biographical; and plays about Franklin Roosevelt, Gypsy Rose Lee, Fiorello LaGuardia and Helen Keller supply badly needed folk-heroes: soft-soap Aeneases and enigmatic Helens. *The Jolson Story* purveyed much the same kind of image. Perhaps in this way people can reassure themselves about the old myth of the open society and, on a much more sophisticated level, console themselves with the charm of a waning folkway, deluding themselves a little that the myth, like Wallace Stevens's Jar—'tall and of a port in air', is potent:

The wilderness rose up to it,
And sprawled around, no longer wild.

But, of course, the wilderness stays wild, yields to no idea of metaphysical order. The jar in all its immaculateness has no public power; its impact is private and romantic. Writing on Jane Austen, Lionel Trilling has said that

She perceived the nature of the deep psychological change which accompanied the inception of democratic society. . . . She understood the new necessity of conscious self-definition and self-criticism, of the need to make private judgements of reality. And

there is no reality about which the modern person is more uncertain and more anxious than the reality of himself.

In an essay on Santayana he suggests that Santayana defined himself in the world by withdrawing from it. He seems to imply that both Jane Austen and Santayana were self-obsessed; and his fecund interpretation of their search for identity suggests that he shares their problems.

This is where Mr Trilling, along with other American agnostics like William Carlos Williams, Robert Frost and Wallace Stevens, seems to affiliate himself with such a writer as Malraux. All crave a coherence both cosmic and personal. From the sum of beliefs, myths, mental structures, systems and creeds they try to isolate a single permanent factor valid throughout the world and throughout history; this factor yields a sturdy humanism. In its presence a secure sense of *liberal* identity can be shaped. Two views have to be constructed: public and private; and, of course, whether inchoate or immaculate, each ruffles the other. Mr Trilling, anxious like Santayana to make something out of the flux, is troubled by a need to appear faithful to the American dream and its public. Santayana said: 'I was a teacher of philosophy in the place where philosophy was most modern, most deeply Protestant, most hopefully new.' All that has changed for a later teacher. Increased social mobility (now perhaps in decline), the vast slide into agnosticism, the increased speed of technological development, have pressed Mr Trilling into the bare predicament, stripped of familiars, of Santayana's dictum: 'It is the spirit that asks to be saved.' So it is legitimate to ask at this juncture: to what extent can a definition of one's personality save the spirit?

To attempt to answer, we have to clear our minds of the individualities pursued by such men as Rousseau, with his 'At least, I am different'; D. H. Lawrence, resenting the way love involves the sacrifice of the individual, and Gide, whose Lascadio is a monster of gratuitous uniqueness. There is, openly in Santayana and latently in Mr Trilling, a religious phase of the secular, intellectual pursuit. Santayana came at it by concentrating on what he called 'essences'. The world, he said, is an eloquence could we but hear it. The effort of concentration is an act of sympathy, a rite of the pantheist; and, when all is manifest divinity, as Santayana claimed, a man must witness as much as he can. In *My*

Host the World (a devastatingly apt title from the least parasitic of the world's worshippers) Santayana is at his most approachable and most consistent: 'You give up,' he says, 'everything in the form of claims; you receive everything back in the form of a divine presence.'

There is little point in reviving the old disputes on humanism; how can it, as Maritain says, ever take the place of orthodox religion? It does because it has to. It seems to work for Mr Trilling—largely through his faith in his own calling. Those magistral and cunning titles of his—*The Liberal Imagination*, *The Opposing Self*, *The Middle of the Journey*—display the preoccupations they tend to explain away: the preoccupations of (to take two of Mr Trilling's chosen authors) an Arnold and an E. M. Forster; of a lively, analytical and cultivated mind rather desperate for spiritual aliment, rather exhilarated by Freud the moralist but daunted by the legacy of the early Puritans. In an interview with *The Observer* (29 September 1957) Mr Trilling suggested that 'the artist needs to take sides'. Of his own case he said:

Ten years ago I was involved in a group of people who felt themselves to be standing together in defence of progressive and idealistic views, in a world that seemed largely in opposition to them. And nowadays, when that situation has become obsolete, I feel rather let down. . . .

In other words, one's identity is best defined in terms of commitment. To maintain a judicial, unattached attitude may be praiseworthy, but is really abortive. As we might expect, then, Mr Trilling has had to seek other means of self-fulfilment; and has found it in his vocation as a teacher. Speaking of America he said:

There's no sophisticated class: none of that interaction of the social and educational systems that produces a *milieu* in which basic problems are never discussed, simply because it's assumed that everyone is too advanced to need to go back over them. . . . It's largely because the generations don't carry on from one another. As a teacher, I find that every job has to be done again from scratch. You can be confronted with a generation of students, and inoculate them with certain ideas, and then ten years later the equivalent job has to be done all over again.

But, in the absence of a sophisticated class, there does exist something worth tackling instead:

... the general tendency of American life is producing a very rapidly multiplying class of people accessible to ideas. The fact that so many people are employed in the higher technology, or have jobs which make it necessary for them to undergo long periods of training in colleges of one kind or another, is bringing into being a very numerous class which, while it isn't educated along traditional lines, is nevertheless taught to think of itself as friendly to ideas.

These, surely, are the usurpers of Mr Barzun's Intellect; there are, as David Riesman has said, too many 'intellectual' callings. But humanizing beggars cannot be choosers: in the absence of a sophisticated class, Mr Trilling has to find what he needs—even at the risk of sanctioning those whom Mr Barzun finds mountebanks. Mr Trilling's acute awareness makes correspondingly greater his craving for identification. In his own way he inherits something of the old Puritan theory of Providence which has to find every event meaningful in immediate moral terms. One feels that he thinks that 'very numerous class . . . friendly to ideas' just had to turn up. These are friends in time of need, indeed. And yet Mr Trilling's outward-looking, receptive attitude seems more sensible and more practical than that of Mr Barzun.

I think it is possible to polarize the American mind in terms of opportunity and predestination, and to see how easily even yet Americans identify choice with providence. Max Weber, in his *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, found good reasons for attributing American diligence, honesty and thrift to what he rather frighteningly called 'the intramundane asceticism' of Calvinism. It is not always easy to realize how difficult and how unpleasant it is for Americans to reject the idea that prosperity is the basis of virtue, which is Jeffersonian, or that virtue is the basis of prosperity, which is Puritan. Breadth of opportunity seems to support either principle. You see what you need to see; what you see is destined, and to turn your back on it is to affront the divine element in the experiment. So, not surprisingly, the comforting determinism of the national habit is likely to inflict an agony of choice upon every American intellectual.

Of course, if we look at Tocqueville and Spengler, we find that they invoke the same dualism as Santayana: namely, that the life of the spirit is not necessarily integral to the life of the body. Extrovert activities, they said, often indicate a spiritual poverty and do not inevitably embody the spirit. The devotion to technique, to explanation and prescription, suggest a lack of spiritual

confidence and a fear of the unexplained. These points have been made often enough and there is no need to labour them. Instead, I would like to quote Mr Auden's view that all the arts

are primarily concerned with the praise and affirmation of personal being . . . I shall become that which I choose to or ought to become. In a more or less static world, genealogy helps to define a person. But in a technological age such as ours, the modern poet tends to develop an over-personal style for fear of not being truly himself. *It is too easy to become a mere member of the public* [my italics].

How very much more difficult, then, for the American, who inherits not only the notion of creating himself in the open society, but also the craving to interpret what he makes of himself. And because he inherits so much—so many of the folkways of God's American Israel (as President Stiles of Yale called it), and yet, as Mr Trilling says, fails to receive the ideas of the previous generation, he feels obligated to the vague concept of the public.

The principal obstacle to such obligation is, oddly enough, masked by as well as founded in the concept of 'humanist'. For it has two applications: one who professes the humanities as a subject; and one who takes them as a likely substitute for religion. The two often overlap. Thus, when integrationists call on humanities teachers to throw in their lot with the scientists, a heresy is being proposed—at least as far as those with a religious attitude to the humanities are concerned. We should not forget (much as we may deplore it) that the humanities offer a way of life, a *mimesis* of actual life. This the sciences do not offer. To many minds the humanities represent a haven, a solace, an ethic; and the alleged reluctance of humanities teachers to co-operate is not so much, as has been suggested, a sign of academic snobbery as a near-religious gesture: the fear of possibility, the fear of loss or travesty or indignity or even persecution. Into the bargain exponents of the humanist disciplines have evolved almost sacerdotal methodologies that they take very seriously indeed. It is not my concern here to argue the merits or otherwise of such procedures as those of Myth or New critics, but to suggest that their real significance has more to do with existentialist philosophy than with academic curriculum. No doubt a Myth critic wants to make some kind of a synthesis; but his monism, when he brings it off, is likely to bear more upon his private anxiety for coherence than upon a plea for overhaul of curricular oddities. Certainly the

exponents of Myth criticism (using the phrase in its widest sense) offer to the scientist an aspect of literature that is more generally interesting, on the level of knowledge, than the aspects offered by the lemon-squeezer school of criticism or by fine-writing panegyrists. H. N. Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism*, T. R. Henn's *The Apple and the Spectroscope* and the more philosophical writings of I. A. Richards, to cite only a few examples, would seem to promote the integration of knowledge without, however, yielding the pass to the clicking minds of mathematicians. It may indeed be that the singularly wide-ranging efforts of a Bronowski, a Richards, a Riesman, a Russell and a Snow are merely the polymathic counterpart of Myth criticism; it is all towards restoring *scientia* as a useful general term. There is nothing reprehensible in this. But the literary humanist is naturally wary of any programme that seems to overlook the analysis of texture. That is one source of reluctance. Another, of course, is academic blinkers. And another is the religious humanist's fear that his cherished tradition will crumble when once in the arena with science. The strange thing is that the ideas the humanist cherishes are, in their own way, possibly no less dangerous, no less inhumane, than the scientists' latest experiment in fission. Nietzsche makes a good pair with high-explosive. But, then, the humanities include so much escapist art; and often their real application has been, in the guise of a thoughtful attention to life, a soothing evasion.

It would be ridiculous to accuse Mr Trilling of being evasive; but, at the same time, he shows signs of preoccupations which might explain his rather intense attachment to his discipline. Commenting on David Riesman in *A Gathering of Fugitives* he recalls how surprised he was to discover that Stendhal's Julien Sorel bored intelligent students. To them Sorel represented nothing of their own ambition; he was too self-centred. Instead, they held an ideal of what Mr Trilling calls 'decent, socially useful co-operative work'. 'I felt,' he says, 'like an ageing Machiavelli among the massed secretariat of the U.N.' In other words, these students were what Mr Riesman would call other-directed. One senses that both Mr Trilling and Mr Riesman dislike something almost priggish, almost sanctimonious in the other-directed: that is, in the conformists, who would rather fit in, get adjusted, than make the world come to heel on *their* terms. I am reminded of a seminar of American doctoral students which I once heard discussing the poet Corbière, who on one occasion put a mitre on his head and

led a beribboned pig through the streets of Rome. Surely he just felt like showing off. No, said the students; it was obviously a response to social pressures. If you want to be bizarre or cussed you must have, not a private, but a public reason for being so. Of course neither this instance nor that cited by Mr Trilling gives other-direction in an extreme form. Mr Trilling and Mr Riesman have an ideal of the 'autonomous' man, neither utterly self-centred nor utterly conformist. It is significant, I think, that Mr Riesman's findings came about as the result of research into the social causes of political attitudes; 'the political life,' says Mr Trilling, 'is far more likely to be healthy in a culture in which inner-direction is dominant.' It was around 1920, according to Mr Riesman, that children began to be 'less impelled to establish the old parental authority within themselves'. Parents 'were less certain of how to establish it in their children and of whether it ought to be established at all'. This observation reminds one of Mr Trilling's own lament that 'the generations don't carry on from one another'. What is missing is the sense of continuity, of tradition; and the consequence seems to be that the intellectual has to devise his own, usually out of his own discipline, and with a strong sense of himself as a limitedly co-operative person with recourse to a secret coherence. Take Mr Trilling in the essay already quoted from: 'The exacerbated sense of others, of oneself in relation to others, does not, it seems, make for the sense of polity.' He has a stronger sense of situations than of people. Writing in the same volume, but in another essay, he says of Mr Riesman's *Individualism Reconsidered*: 'There are no characters in his book, only situations.' A point well taken: it fits his own unnerving sense of personal malleability amidst clearly seen circumstances. But, as ever, he holds nothing back in describing situations that implicate himself:

In speaking of the diminution of literature's impulse to discover what is going on around us, we must have in mind not only our novelists but also our literary-intellectual class in its totality. So far as our culture generalizes itself and presents itself as an object for consideration and evaluation, it does so chiefly through the medium of our literary intellectuals. The virtues of this class are greater than people now seem to wish to admit, yet I think it is true to say that it seems to find more and more difficulty in believing that there is a significant reality to be found in anything except literature itself and a certain few moral assumptions which modern literature has

made peculiarly its own; or in believing that any profession save that of literature is interesting and deserves credence.

It is, he goes on to say, a Riesman who keeps us abreast of ideas in the world. The literary intellectual busies himself with devising an inward pastoral, whether of myth or exegesis, whether of theory or dream. The result is a lack of ironic tolerance, of conflicting claims. Opinion is all one way, and shallow at that: it is enough, to prove one's individuality, to denounce McCarthyism; 'it would be difficult,' says Mr Trilling, 'to discover, in all the many denunciations of conformity that have been uttered, any conception or example of nonconformity that implies more than the holding of a particular set of political opinions.' The marginal group stands in danger of being brain-washed by the public notion of a stereotyped nonconformity:

... the individual is threatened not only by the tyranny of the powerful but also by what he (Riesman) calls 'the tyranny of the powerless' ... of beleaguered teachers, liberals, Negroes, women, Jews, intellectuals, and so on. ...

Perhaps this is what, by way of the university, will be passed on from generation to generation.

What remedy then? What can a university teacher do? He can explain that a civilized attitude is one neither wholly anarchic nor wholly conformist: trite enough, but hard to explain to students who think Julien Sorel uninteresting. Most of them, understandably enough, regard university studies as a route to bread and butter—not in any sense an exercising of the spirit in an effort to emulate what Mr Trilling calls Montaigne's 'poetry of individualism'. In Montaigne, he says, we find the ideal: a stubborn sense of self and 'the catholicity of his awareness and responsiveness'. What Mr Trilling and Mr Riesman have in mind is something like Camus's idea of *mesure*: no absolutes. They go through a groping, half-fearful restatement of traditional practice; Mr Trilling, for example, says with consummate and genuine self-consciousness:

... one may live a real life apart from the group ... one may exist as an actual person not only at the centre of society but on its margins ... one's values may be none the less real and valuable because they do not prevail and are even rejected and submerged ... as a person one has not ceased to exist because one has 'failed'. That

this needs to be said suggests the peculiar threat to the individual that our society offers.

This is peculiarly American; a European outsider will show himself and let society get on with the spectacle—take it or leave it. A Corbière, with mitre and pig, belongs to a tradition of comparative personal autonomy; a tradition that John Stuart Mill put at its most anguished in his essay on liberty, that includes the aesthetes of the 1890s and the Sitwells. Rigid societies have little fear of eccentrics: they abound in England and not as typed eccentrics. It would not be surprising if, as American society rigidifies and unifies, the stream of self-justifying marginality dries up altogether. For the present, however, the intellectuals and academics resort to a variety of devices in order to justify themselves. The alleged threat to the individual produces delusion as well as default.

NORMAN SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

Abbot Gilbert Crispin at Westminster

By S. G. A. LUFF

PERHAPS an occasional visitor to Westminster Abbey, fatigued with the monuments to fame and royalty, hesitate by a sadly worn effigy in the south cloister walk. The pastoral staff suggests that it is of some abbot of the monastery. It is the resting place of Gilbert Crispin, Norman nobleman, professed monk of Bec, disciple and friend of Lanfranc and Anselm, who ruled from 1085 to 1117, steering his house tranquilly through the rapacious reign of Rufus and the struggles between king and primate which continued under Henry I.

These were years of endurance for the Church, fortified by vigorous Norman prelates introduced by the Conqueror, the institution of her own courts, the daring policies of Hildebrand, the

foundation of new abbeys depending on bold reforms, mostly French in origin. Hildebrand, otherwise Pope Gregory VII, was purging the Church of the evils of simony with no mild purgative, insisting on the primacy of ecclesiastical authority, promoting clerical celibacy. The loyalty of William I had left him unhampered by a Pope who recognized in him a match but no rival; the same concessions were not to be accorded either the Red King or the Fair Clerk by his successors.

A Norman abbey which was to give three archbishops to the English Church was, at the time of the Conquest, still living under its founder, a plain soldier become monk, and subject to no mother house. The fame which won it patronage and wealth came accidentally, through a postulant who approached its doors seeking the humblest cloister where he might be soonest forgotten. This was Bec. Around Bec, in the other religious houses of Normandy, the most spectacular of all Benedictine reforms, that led by Cluny, had been taught by Abbot William of Dijon. His mission had preceded the development of the full Cluniac system, which was to keep every house of the reform a priory dependent on the Burgundian arch-abbot, and whose observance became rigid and even absurdly ceremonious. For the most part, to judge from the *Norman History* of Ordericus Vitalis, an Anglo-Norman monk of *Saint-Evroult*, the abbeys founded by Northmen, not long since settled in France and made Christian, were schools of edification, art, letters, and reasonable observance.

Besides contributing our first two Norman archbishops, Lanfranc and Anselm (and later Theobald), Bec gave Gundulf and Ernulf to Rochester, and Gilbert Crispin to be Abbot of Westminster. When he was appointed, in the last year of the Conqueror's life, two Norman abbots had already ruled at Westminster, Geoffrey of Jumièges, who was deprived and sent home on Lanfranc's advice, and Vitalis, formerly Abbot of Bernay, where he had proved his competence to rule. His house of profession had been Fécamp, one of those directly reformed by William of Dijon.

To appreciate Gilbert's position among Norman ecclesiastics in England we need to know more of Bec, the house of his monastic upbringing and formation. It is he who tells the story in his *Life of Herluin*, a man of little learning but vast simplicity, who in the annals of Bec has taken second place after his more famous disciples, Lanfranc and Anselm. He was a knight in the service of

the Count of Brionne when, because he had refused to obey some order against his conscience, that overlord had fired his farmsteads, and at the age of thirty-eight this illiterate warrior set to work in a remote corner of his estates, by day building a stone oratory with his own hands, by night learning to read the psalms. He seems never to have thought of entering the novitiate of an established monastery, but visited abbeys to observe their way of life. This brought him some rude experiences, being flung out of one by the scruff of his neck, and at another, before a solemn Christmas office, he was shocked to see the brethren in procession, probably coped, showing off their festal dress, and even coming to fisticuffs over precedence at the church door. The only part of the Rule these monks seemed to be keeping was the precept about showing newcomers 'hard and rugged paths'. The man who confirmed Herluin's vocation was probably never even aware of it. One night, when Herluin stayed behind in the church, a monk, thinking himself alone, threw himself prostrate on the stones and prayed all night with sighs and tears, not infringing St Benedict's dictum about making private prayer short and sweet, for this surely fell under the clause: 'except it be prolonged by the inspiration of divine grace'.

When Lanfranc, the lawyer from Pavia, crossed the Alps to visit the schools of France, he too experienced conversion, and decided to abandon his career by hiding himself in the humblest abbey of all. When he came to Bec, Abbot Herluin was building an oven. Under this man's prelacy, thought Lanfranc, nothing could be required of him beyond piety and simplicity of life. But after some three years his retreat was discovered, the lost master was besieged by pupils, and their noble parents showered wealth on Herluin's modest abbey. It reminds us of Bernard and his companions bringing lustre to Cîteaux. The distinguished doctor was soon chosen by Duke William to be his counsellor, but outspoken opinions brought a display of ducal anger and a sentence of exile about his ears. When William met Lanfranc riding a lame horse, the monk had wit enough to beg a sounder steed the more efficiently to satisfy his punishment. William laughed and restored him to favour, and the monks at Bec wandered about the house singing snatches of the *Te Deum* all day long. Soon he was made abbot of William's new monastery at Caen, and subsequently, after the conquest of England, promoted to the primatial chair of Canterbury.

Anselm crossed the Alps in the steps of Lanfranc, from Lombard Aosta. He settled at Bec as a student, entering the monastery for lectures, but far from experiencing his professor's wish to efface his talent, a motive he later avowed for his hesitation in entering the monastery was the apprehension that he would never outshine his master. Six years before the Conquest, at the age of twenty-six, he entered Herluin's community, and when Lanfranc was appointed to Caen his student took his place as Prior and Master of the school.

Throughout these years the Crispins were devoted friends of the community at Bec. Gilbert, son of William and Eva, was dedicated to God according to the provision for child oblation in St Benedict's Rule, his hands folded in the altar cloth at Mass. There was in practice the understanding that he could leave if he proved later to show no vocation. The Crispins were a leading Norman family, so named because their hair stood up straight. They held a frontier castle for the Duke at a village called Neaufles, near Gisors, and had estates near Lisieux, and it was on journeys from one to the other that William called on Abbot Herluin, once a soldier like himself. One day the Count of Ponthoise laid an ambush to trap the Norman watchdog. William's companions fled, but the Mother of God appeared and threw her mantle around him, rendering him invisible. On his deathbed he was favoured with a vision of St Benedict, and Abbot Herluin, who came to minister to him, clothed him in the monk's habit and laid him to rest in the cloisters of Bec.

Eva de Montfort, Gilbert's mother, was given a widow's veil by the Archbishop of Rouen, and set herself up as a recluse close by Bec, where she was joined by two other ladies. Far from becoming a daughter to the new abbot, Anselm, we find him calling her mother—his own mother had died before he left Italy, and his father before he entered the community. As he styled himself her eldest son, we can picture the early intimacy of his friendship with Gilbert, his subject and pupil. Like other pious women who secure influence over monasteries, Eva showered gifts—church vestments and altar vessels. When death was at hand, in 1099, we are surprised to read how she was carried into the Abbey Church and received the Last Anointing before the great Rood. The monks gathered round and she blessed them, lifting her hand in the sign of the Cross—'for she loved us as tenderly as if we had been her own children', comments the chronicler. It is pleasant

to know she was buried beside her husband, but this story throws its dignity away when we are told that she appeared to a monk and revealed that she was condemned to sixty years of purgatory for making much fuss 'of pet dogs and suchlike trifles'.

William and Eva are more at home in the pages of pious hagiography, but the Three Men of Bec, Herluin, Lanfranc, and Anselm, tower with dignity above the riff-raff who help history books to present the Norman years as ones of cruelty, ambition, and strife. These are the men who put their spirit in the sturdy columns, round arches, and vigorous ornament of the Norman style. But they were not merely men wise or learned, and God-fearing, humble monks, intrepid prelates. As such, parallels might easily be found in modern groups of ecclesiastics, alumni of one college associated in later careers. They were also friends, nursing a tender mutual love we are hardly competent to appreciate. It is unfair to rush into misunderstanding, and mock it as a sentimentalism, even a perversion, quite unworthy of everything else in their characters, the one piece which will not fit. This cultivation of friendship has left fine memorials in the correspondence of Lanfranc, Anselm, and Gundulf. It was canonized in the *Dialogue on Christian Friendship* of St Aelred, Abbot of Rievaulx, and in his *Life* by the monk, Walter Daniel. Aelred confessed that he could conceive 'nothing so perfect as to love and to be loved', and his biographer describes the monastery as a 'school of friendship'. Granted there is something hectic about the picture we have of an ailing abbot whose room was besieged by younger monks who seemed to spend hours discussing human affections when, by the normal interpretation of the Rule, they should be keeping silence or working with their hands, we might allow that the sincerity and intensity of fraternal love preached by the Yorkshire abbot should be judged in the setting of a way of life at once simpler and more austere which made it possible. They were not, like us, fed largely on artificial emotions.

Gilbert Crispin first enters English history when Lanfranc, installed in the monastic cathedral at Canterbury, sent over some of the younger monks to study at Bec. This was not polite interest in the welfare of a few individuals, but part of the Norman policy of monastic reform. The observance of Bec was to be introduced at Canterbury, for the Benedictine Rule being invariably subject to modifications suiting time and circumstance the details governing each monastery were drawn up in a Customary, handed on to

houses it founded, and borrowed, at discretion, by others. Basing them on Bec, Lanfranc drew up his own constitutions, which have been published in recent years. Just as these incorporated much that the Norman abbeys had drawn from the great reforms of Benedict of Aniane and of Cluny, so later English Customaries borrowed from this compilation of Lanfranc. Such, for instance, was Abbot Ware of Westminster's thirteenth-century Customary. This was the monastic observance taught to the Canterbury monks at Bec, and when Gilbert came, via Canterbury, to rule over Westminster, he took it with him.

Gilbert was then Master of the school at Bec, and Lanfranc wrote recommending the contingent. He alludes to his special friendship with the Crispins, calling Gilbert 'son and brother'. Lanfranc was his father in monastic obedience, and now as archbishop, but in 'adopting' Eva as a mother he claimed Gilbert as brother. The archbishop was sending a nephew to Bec, his namesake, another Lanfranc, and was entrusting him to Gilbert's care, asking for him to be taken in charge as another brother. This should be all the easier since the boy had, apparently, already been favoured by the generous Eva as a 'son'. These little games with words may seem overdone to us, but ecclesiastical writers relished them. Lanfranc also sent a gift. This is a practice restricted in St Benedict's Rule, but monks were always much addicted to it. St Boniface, ninth-century monk apostle of Germany, frequently sent tokens across the North Sea, expensive ones too, to monk and nun friends at home. Lanfranc's present was a cross set with relics, which he asked Gilbert to use at Mass, 'to be a sign of perpetual friendship between you two', i.e. nephew Lanfranc and Gilbert. This is the conclusion to his letter: 'May almighty God graciously plant his inspiration in your heart, through his Holy Spirit, so that you shall continue to love me all your life as you have loved me in childhood and youth; may he bless you and forgive you all your sins.'

In 1079 Anselm visited England, and it looks as if, in conversation with his old Prior and Master, he had been asked for Gilbert's services in Lanfranc's household at Canterbury. Anselm had consented, but found it hard to make the parting. Finally, he released him, but warned Lanfranc that if he was kept in England the person responsible would inflict on Bec 'a heavier and greater loss and grief' than he could easily express. This is a rather sad letter from Anselm, quite a tangle of words to display reluctant

obedience combined with deepest regret. When Gilbert was gone and, as Anselm realized too well, irrevocably over the water, tears overflowed. Nothing in the world, wrote the lonely abbot, could replace his loss: 'The pain in my heart bears witness as I dwell on my loss, so do the tears which blind my eyes and course down my cheeks to wash my very fingers as I write. Indeed, you know as well as I the strength of my love for you, yet I think I did not know it fully till he who tore us apart taught me by doing so.' This is followed by a touch of pique. Gilbert had gained the company of one he loved not less, but even more—Lanfranc. Anselm guessed that critics at Canterbury might be shown his letter and think him rather overwrought: 'Oh, from their own experience let them excuse my grief; they have only to put themselves in my place.'

Eventually, even Lanfranc had to release Gilbert to fill the vacancy at Westminster. His rule was to last over thirty years, and spared Westminster the rapacity of Rufus, who seized the revenues of eleven other abbeys vacated during his reign. Anselm's first letter to the disciple become his peer is more sedate. With the wisdom of seniors he confided: 'Indeed, I always believed that good things, as men count them, were in store for you.' He also flattered him on the advantage of education in the cloister from childhood, compared with his own wasted years in the world. A later correspondence took place about a brother whom Gilbert seems to have received back after departure or expulsion. This was quite in accordance with the Rule, which countenanced return to the third time, and Cluny anyway had expressed a readiness to receive back seven times seventy times, alluding to Christ's remark to St Peter about forgiveness. Anselm at this moment was very lonely indeed, nursing the memories of that companionship beside the little stream called Bec. He had discovered, not only that absence makes the heart grow fonder, but that we never fully appreciate good things till we lose them: 'Now that you are absent beyond recall I realize much more how deep a joy I had in that sweet relationship. The rich cannot appreciate what it is to be poor, nor those who drink delights what real thirst is; neither can one who is actually enjoying friendship imagine the dejection of a desolate heart.'

Unfortunately, the only two letters we have of Gilbert's are not replies to these effusions; we do not know if Anselm was met in like terms. I doubt it. The first survivor is a dedication to Anselm, then archbishop, of a little book he had written, called

Disputation of a Jew with a Christian. Here the interest lies more in what he says than to whom he says it, but his style is certainly more sober and severe, and in his next letter we shall see that his mood could be severe too.

Rufus, it seems, made a fuss of Jews. He accepted bribes and discouraged them from becoming Christians, swearing by the Holy Face of Lucca that if they did he would turn Jew. According to William of Malmesbury it was the Conqueror who had brought them to England from Rouen. It is impossible to generalize on the Christian attitude towards Jews in the Middle Ages. There were rulers who found their financial services useful and Popes and Councils who protected them, yet we read of Crusaders exterminating ghettos as an act of virtue, and unfortunate incidents of mob violence arising from malicious gossip. The fine Jews' Houses at Lincoln, practically the only Norman town residences of stone which survive, testify to their prosperity in England. Occasionally there were converts. Anselm wrote to both Prior and Archdeacon at Canterbury to doubly ensure that a Jew should suffer no hardship as a result of his conversion. Gilbert told Anselm of one of his own Westminster monks who was a converted Jew. As for the Jew of his book, he was no fiction. He was one who had visited him at Westminster, at first on business, later for the pleasure of conversation. These talks developed into lucid and sympathetic religious debates at which some of the community, apparently, assisted, and at their suggestion the arguments of both sides were, with scrupulous fairness, committed to writing. That this sober and friendly document, which would do credit to inter-confessional relationships today, became as popular and widely read as it did is a happier testimonial to Christian tolerance in the middle ages than other traditions we often hear. Gilbert tells us that this Jew was at school in Mainz. Early in the century the Emperor Henry II had expelled the Jews from that city, and about 1148 a Jewish community, apparently re-assembled there, suffered grievously at the hands of Crusaders. Probably Gilbert's contestant was a refugee. The abbot pays tribute to his learning, well versed in Christian law and letters, but he went away satisfied with his ancient faith.

Gilbert's second letter was penned to Anselm in exile during Henry I's reign. His prolonged absences from his see were becoming a cause of intense grief even to those who had favoured the king's side in his struggles. It was in 1092, during the long

vacancy following Lanfranc's death, that he had visited England, lured by an appeal from an old, though rather disreputable, friend, Earl Hugh of Chester. At Christmas he was at Rufus's court at Gloucester, where soon after the king was brought to what he imagined was his death-bed. The desperate man sent for Anselm because of his reputation for holiness, and both from Eadmer's *Chronicle* and Anselm's letters we know what followed: scenes of emotional violence calculated to precipitate anyone's last moments, weeping and angry monks and bishops, the pastoral staff held forcibly against Anselm's closed fist, the best they could do, and this archbishop-elect, bribe to proximate Judgement, dragged off to church for a *Te Deum*. Anselm did not exaggerate when he wrote to Bec: 'It would have been difficult to make out whether madmen were dragging along one in his senses, or sane men a madman.' The story of his subsequent differences is not our concern here. Like Pole later, he retired to an Italian monastery, where he gained himself the fame most appropriate to a monk of Bec by writing his famous treatise on the Incarnation: *Cur Deus Homo*. Though he returned after Henry's accession, the current stone of offence, investitures, was soon thrust forward by the king.

This 'investiture' with ring and staff of a newly appointed prelate was plainly a sign of pastoral authority, but feudal monarchs felt that the loss of this privilege would adversely affect the status of bishops as chief tenants, which they also were beside pastors. The solution finally reached both here and abroad was to distinguish clearly between the two states, homage sufficing for the latter, as for any other baron, but in the course of the difference we must presume that what now seems reasonable and obvious was long obscured by the dust of the dispute.

This time Anselm was well briefed with Roman policy on this issue, and finally, though with less open hostility, departed to settle the case personally at Rome. His delay on this mission eventually won over not merely the support but the frantic appeals of former rivals, and it is this common desperation and lament which explains the strong language of Gilbert's letter. Perhaps because the literary device softened hard words he sent his in verse. He describes the English Church as a deserted sheepfold, where the flock, 'because it cannot recognize edible pasture, consumed poison'. Perhaps with St Benedict's warning to abbots in mind, he reminds Anselm that the Lord will demand an account of his steward for the sheep committed to his care. His

conclusion is interesting for its notion of twelfth-century primatial jurisdiction, or at least, of Anselm's prestige and influence. Those whom he causes to suffer are not only the English, he says, but the Scots, and that 'other isle, far beyond ours, where multitudes of Irish dwell'.

How are we to picture the years of Gilbert's rule at Westminster? Within the cloister: uneventful, firm, yet kind, seems a fair assessment. On his tomb the monks wrote a Latin epitaph of which the record is preserved though its traces are long since gone. They called him their light, their road, their leader. His virtues were meekness, justice, prudence, strength, moderation; he was a man of learning.

To Gilbert's abbacy are assigned the foundation of Sudbury and Hurley Priors, and possibly also that at Great Malvern. At Westminster Edward the Confessor's great church, reputed to have been larger than any surviving Norman church in Normandy, was complete, but monastic offices were still in course of erection when Gilbert came. The undercrofts between the Chapter House and the Farmery was probably completed by his predecessors, and are all he would recognize today of his old home. In 1807 an inscribed stone was recovered from a demolished wall outside the precincts, once part of a fifteenth-century gateway. The stone itself, however, was originally part of the Norman cloister, and bore a broken inscription recording the completion of refectory and cloister by Abbot Gilbert. Of this cloister itself only fragments of sculpture remain, now preserved in the Pyx Chapel.

Of its nature monastic life is routine, apart from the subtle excitements of liturgical season and feast. Westminster was exceptional, however, since it was virtually within the palace precincts, and Rufus's very Great Hall, of which the fabric is incorporated in the present Westminster Hall, was built whilst Gilbert ruled, within a stone's throw of his cloister. The comings and goings of visitors to the abbot's lodgings must have provided the younger monks with a spot of colour and distraction, not to mention a synod and three coronations, Henry being crowned twice, the first time by the bishop of London in Anselm's absence. Such events brought about a reunion between Gilbert and his old masters and brethren of Bec. Anselm's council in 1102 was to enforce the reforms urged by Rome, passing canons against clerical marriage and deposing prelates for simony, the crime of purchasing spiritual offices. Of this offence even good men were

guilty, such as Bishop Herbert Losinga, the builder of Norwich, who had humbly resigned his office to the Pope and was graciously given it back. The issue was important, because people would claim, as Wycliffe did later, that sacraments administered by the unworthy were invalid. That Gilbert became deeply interested in this problem, if it is a problem, is proved by his treatise 'Concerning those who commit simony', which he dedicated to St Anselm.

An event of domestic interest to the community was the translation of the relics of King Edward which took place in 1102. The account comes from a *Life* written by St Aelred specially for the canonization in 1163, but the Abbot of Rievaulx used as his source a Westminster narrative of 1138, written by Prior Osbert, whom we may reasonably suppose to have had the story first hand at least.

Gilbert offered the presidency at this function to a fellow alumnus of Bec, Bishop Gundulf of Rochester. The event was, of course, preparatory to canonization, for Edward had already acquired a reputation for miracles and briefs of sanctuary were given by Abbot Gilbert to refugees at his tomb. The expectation of those assembled to remove the stone coffin lid and view the remains naturally rose high. They were not disappointed. The king was found crowned and vested and incorrupt, his flesh 'firm and bright', the garments sound, and the atmosphere around beautifully perfumed. They were so awe-struck none dared to raise the face-veil. Then Gundulf drew out from under it the flowing white beard, arranging it neatly. Gilbert, fearing a mishap, such as that royal ornament coming adrift, admonished his friend not to 'vex the king in his royal bed'. Gundulf admitted he had thought of stealing one hair, but as this was not easily forthcoming he relinquished his ambition with these words: 'Let him rest in his palace, virgin and incorrupt, till with triumphant joy he shall meet the advent of the Judge, and receive in his flesh the abiding glory of a blessed immortality.'

I am aware that Gilbert has not emerged as a personality in full relief, but what we know of him and his contemporaries, a band of friends and scholars, conveys a warm impression of a way of life in Norman times that was more sane and full and tolerant than the anthology of exceptions we call history usually suggests.

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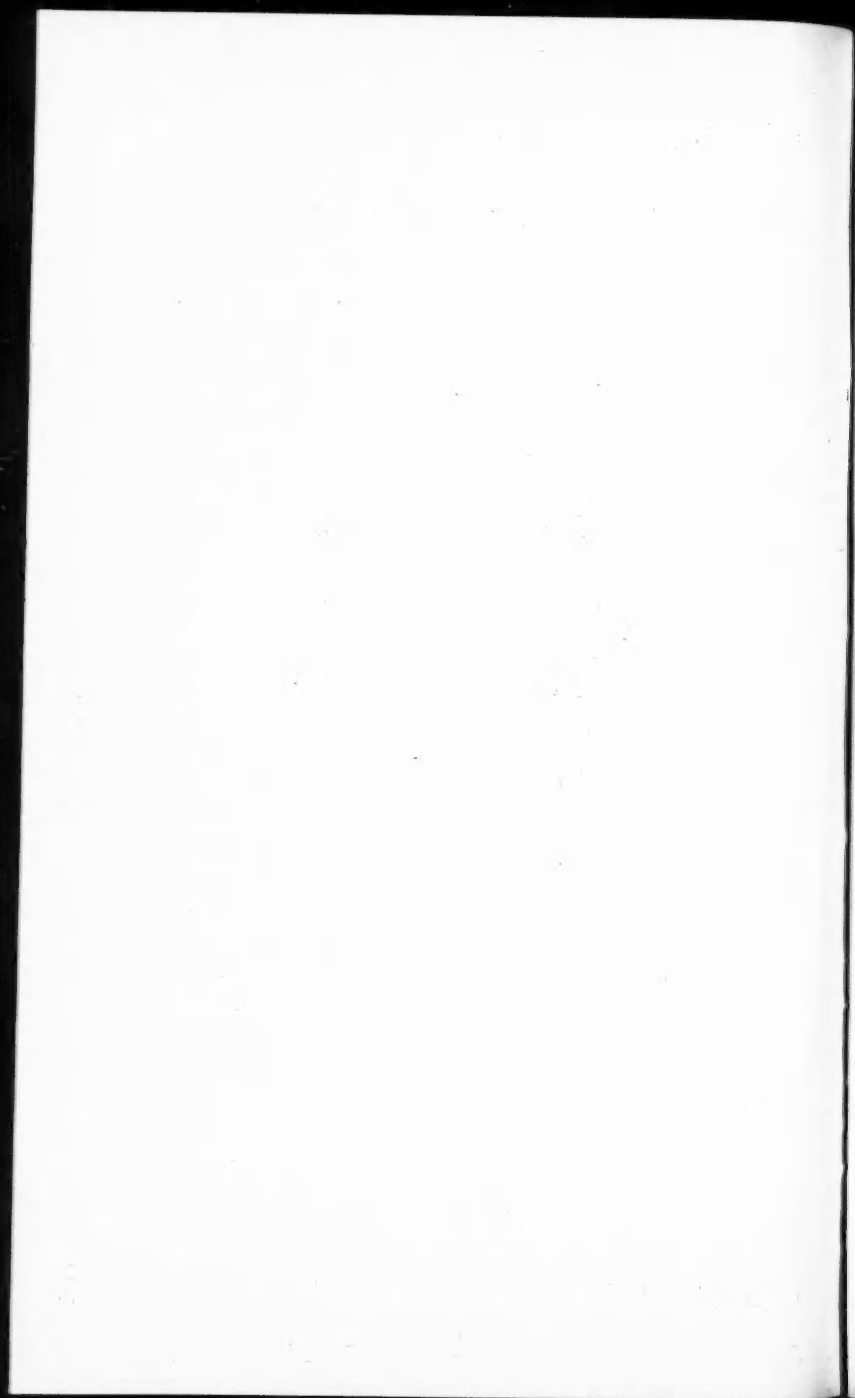
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